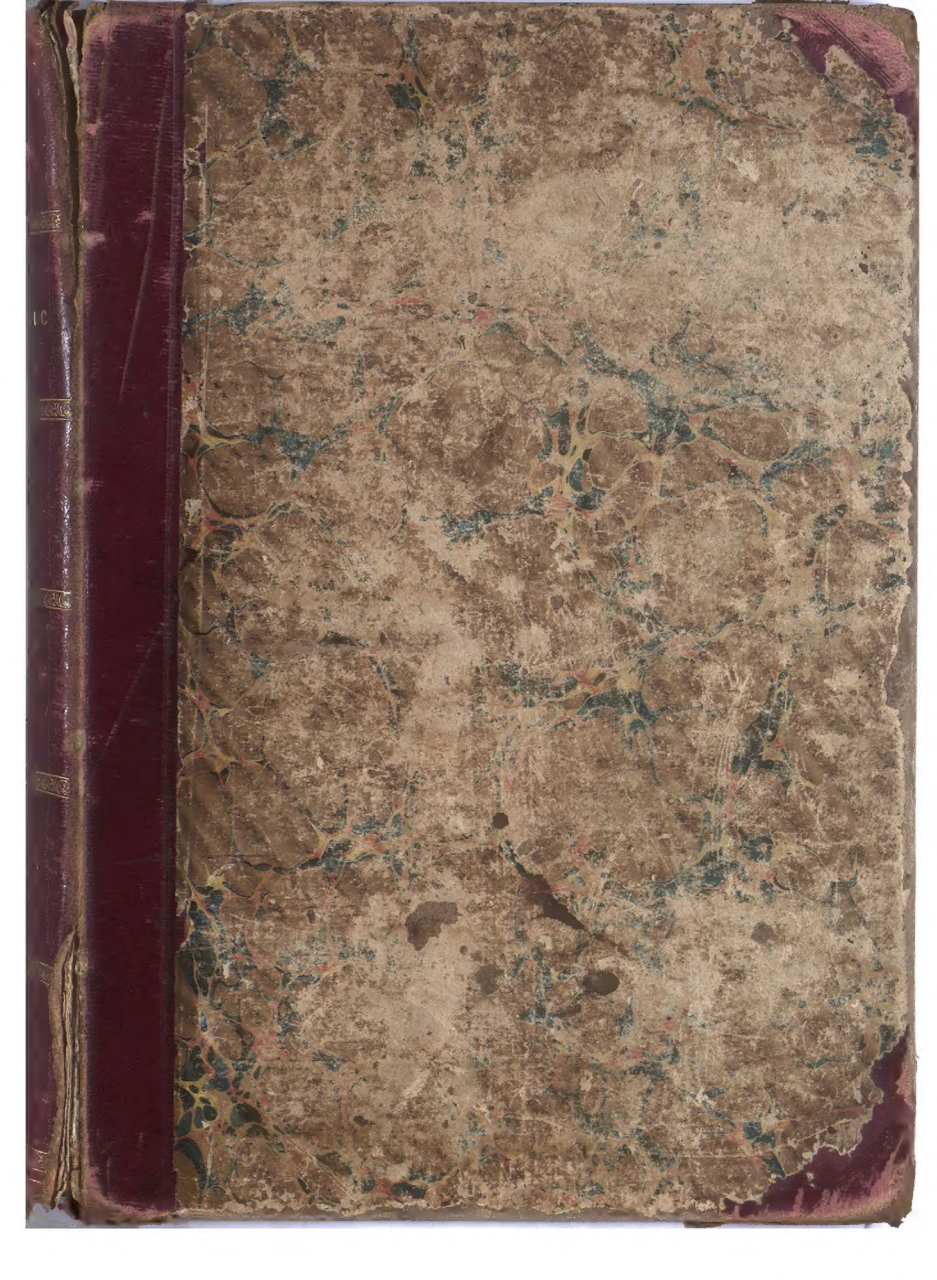

THE WELCOME,

AILEEN AROON.

Nº 6.

Irish Songs.

ECHOES OF THE LAKES.

Written, Composed,

AND

Dedicated to his valued Friend

JOHN ELLWORTHY ESQR

(of Plymouth.)

BY

F. N. CROUCH.

Professor of Singing & Piano Forte, Plymouth.

Price 2/-

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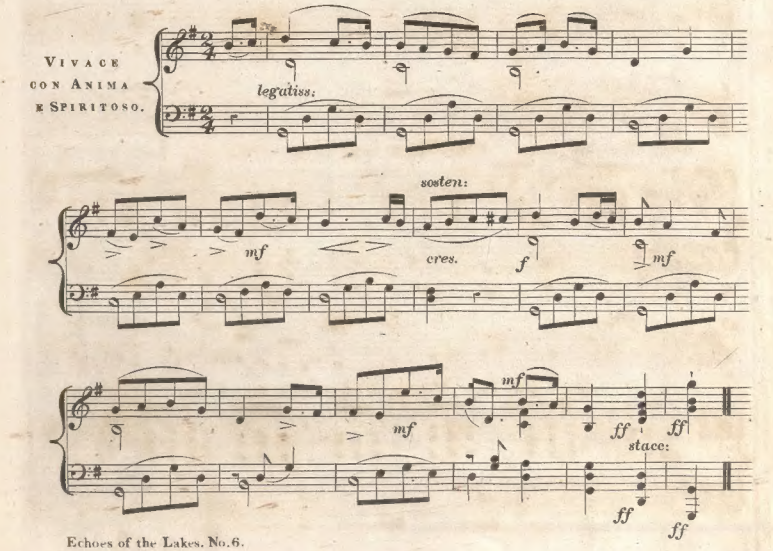
Nº 1.	THE ECHO	Nº 4.	KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN
2.	NORA CREINA	5.	THE BLESSING
3.	THE SEPARATION	6.	THE WELCOME

THE WELCOME.

The Music by

F. N. CROUCH.



con espressione.

mf mf mf

Oh! joy of my heart, my Ai - - leen A - - roon, How happy is

p

mf mf mf mf

this my re - turn, ... For thy smiles now welcome the wan - - der - er

cres. mf mf cres. mf

back; To the scenes of his love, and his home. Light is my

ff ff

Animato

ff ff

mf mf cres. mf *ad lib.*

heart and bright is mine eye Past wrongs and griefs for - - getting . . . . . My

ad lib.

con Anima.

mf *f* *mf* *mf* *mf*

great - est joy to gaze on thee; My wealth, thy love pos - sessing . . . . .

tempo

mf *mf* *mf*

. . . My great - est joy to gaze on - thee, My . . . wealth thy love pos -

mf *mf* *p cres.*

cres:

sessing . . . . . Sweet . . . Ai - leen A - - roon . . . . . Sweet . . .

stentando
con esp:

mf *mf*

. . . Ai - leen A - - roon . . . . . .

dim - - - - - *e* - - - *possibilmente* *p* *pp*

mf mf

Light of my life, my Ai_leen A_roon, We meet to

p legerezza

mf mf mf mf

part no more: . . . . . My ev'_ry hope, is fix'd on

mf mf con Amore mf mf

thee; Life's beacon now on shore. And while we steer our

ff ff ff ff

mf cres. f

happy voy_age, Thro' life's tem_pest tuous sea . . . . . We'll sail to_

decres. ad lib: a tempo

Echoes of the Lakes. No. 6.

mf f mf mf

ge_ther, down the tide; . . . . . And meet E_ter_ni_ty . . . . . Well

Religiosamente espress:

mf mf f dim. mf

sail to_ge_ther, down the tide . . . . . And meet E_ter_ni_

molto impress: *decres_e_dim_in_u_*

mf cres. mf mf cres.

ty . . . . . Sweet . . . . . Ai_leen A_roon . . . . . Sweet . . .

_en_do *tempo con anima.*

_ Ai_leen A_roon

dim p pp

p

PUBLISHED BY DALMAINE & SONS 84 & 86 LONDON

I CANNOT CALL THEE FAIR MY CHILD

Composed & Dedicated to

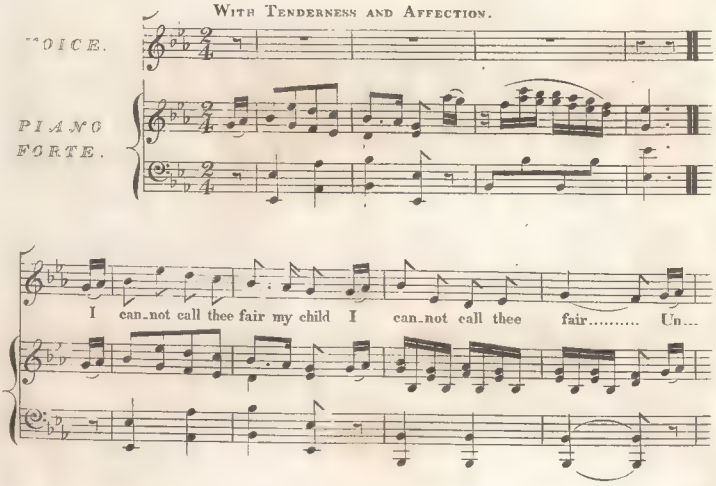
Mrs. Richard Thomas Bowtell.

by

THOMAS SEWELL.

Eng. Stn. Hall. Pr. 1/6

LONDON, L. WILLIAMS & SON, 104, HIGH HOLBORN.



...less a per ...fect form and face Be join'd to gifts more rare If

to thy fea...tures blameless thought The boast...ed charm im .....part I'll

own that thou art beau...ti...ful And press thee to my heart.

2nd Verse.

I can.not call thee e.....loquent Nor lis...ten with de.....light.....Like

some who deem that ru..by lips are ev...er in the right But if from truths in...

....te gri....ty Thy accents ne'er de.....part I'll own that thou art e...loquent And

press thee to my heart.

3rd Verse.

I can not call thee for..tunate E'en though I see thee count..... Thy

world ly treasure oer and oer And boast of the a.....mount But if the friendless

of thy store May claim an am.. ple part I'll own that thou art for..tunate And

press thee to my heart.

THE LETTER,

No. 12.

OF THE

Songs of the Superstitions of Ireland,

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED

BY

SAMUEL LOVER ESQR.

AUTHOR OF

Victoria the Queen, The Land of Dreams, The Land of the West Sleep my Love, The Wind & the Weather song &c. Oh ever I had-
-Lover, I leave you to guess, The Fountain & the Flower: Beauty & Time, Cant you guess, The Poor Blind Boy, When and Where,
True love can never forget, The Blarney, The Haunted Spring, The Child & the Gossamer The Hour I pass with thee Oh! is sweet-
-to remember Bring me that ancient Bowl of Wine, Memory & Hope, Star of the Desert, Soft on the ear falls the Serenade &c

Eat. Sta. Hall. Price 2/

London, Published by J. DUFF & Co 65, Oxford Street,
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. . 2. THE RING & THE WINDING SHEET	2/	. . 8. THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK	2/
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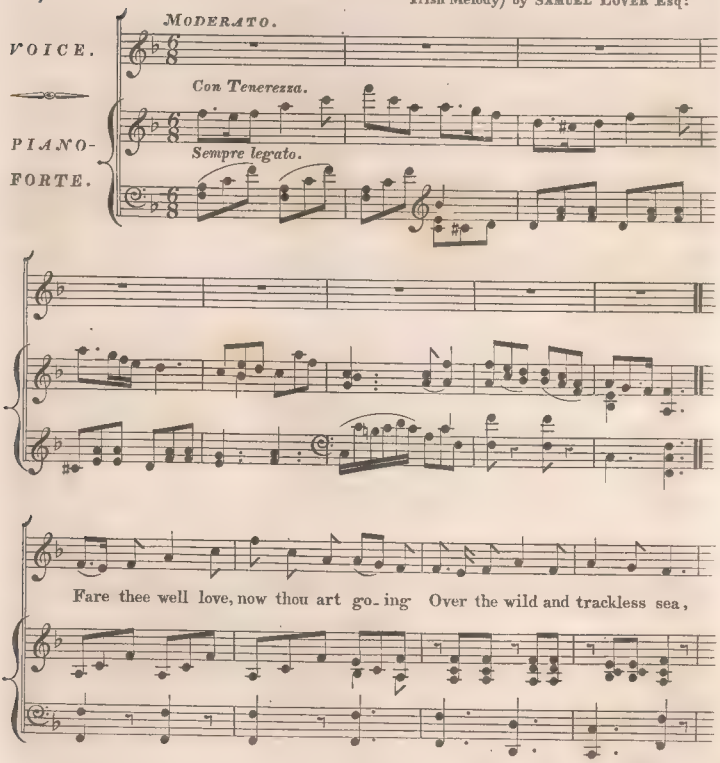
. . 5. THE MORNING DREAM	2/	. . 11. THE FAIRY BOY	2/
6. THE FAIRY TEMPTER	2/	. . 12. THE LETTER	2/

THE LETTER.

A small spark attached to the wick of the candle is considered to indicate the arrival of a letter to the one before whom it burns.

The Poetry and Music (suggested by an Irish Melody) by SAMUEL LOVER Esq.



Smooth be its waves and fair the wind blowing, Tho' 'tis to bear thee far from me:

Ritard. *tempo.*

But when on the waste of o-cean, Some happy home-bound bark you see,

colla voce.

Con espres.

Swear by the truth of thy heart's devotion, To send a let-ter back to me.

p

colla voce.

p

Ritard. Think of the shore thou'st left be-hind thee,

Even when reaching a bright-er strand; Let not the gol-den glories blind thee,

Con Spirito.

Of that gorgeous Indian land; Send me not its diamond treasures, Nor

f

colla voce.

f

molto espres.

pearls from the depth of its sunny sea, But tell me of all thy woes and pleasures,

In a long let-ter back to me.

Ritard.

4.

But while dwelling in lands of plea-sure, Think, as you bask in their

bright sunshine, That while the ling'-ring time I measure,

Ritard:

Sad and wintry hours are mine; Lone-ly by my ta-per weeping, And

colla voce.

tempo.

watching the spark of promise to see; All for that bright spark my

night-watch keeping, For oh *'tis* a let-ter love from thee! To

say that soon thy sail will be flow-ing, Homeward to bear thee

o-ver the sea, Calm be the waves and swift the wind blowing, For

oh! thou art coming back to me.

Ritard.

A HOME IN THE HEART,

A

Ballad,

Written by

Miss Eliza Cook!

TO WHOM THE MUSIC IS EXPRESSLY INSCRIBED BY

The Composer

M. W. BALFE.

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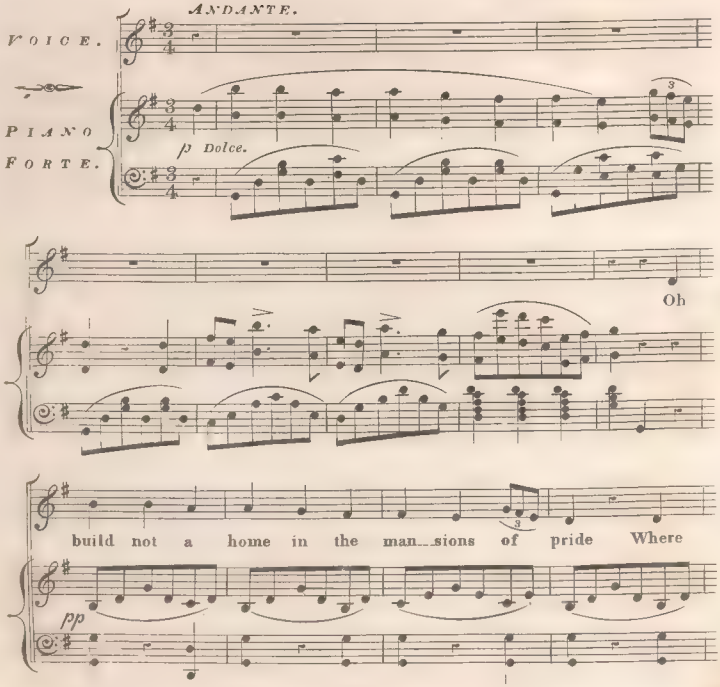
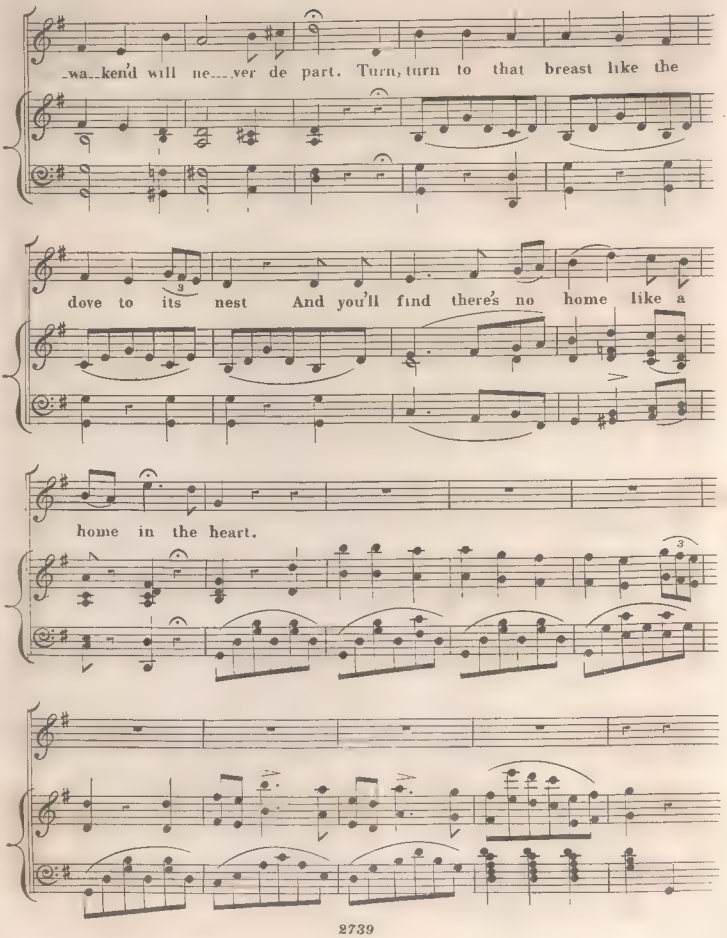


mar---ble shines out in the pil----lars and walls Though the

roof be of gold it is bril----liant----ly cold And

joy may not be found.... in its torch ligh---ted halls But

seek for a bo---som all ho---nest and true Where love once a--


wa-ken'd will ne-ver de part. Turn, turn to that breast like the
dove to its nest And you'll find there's no home like a
home in the heart.

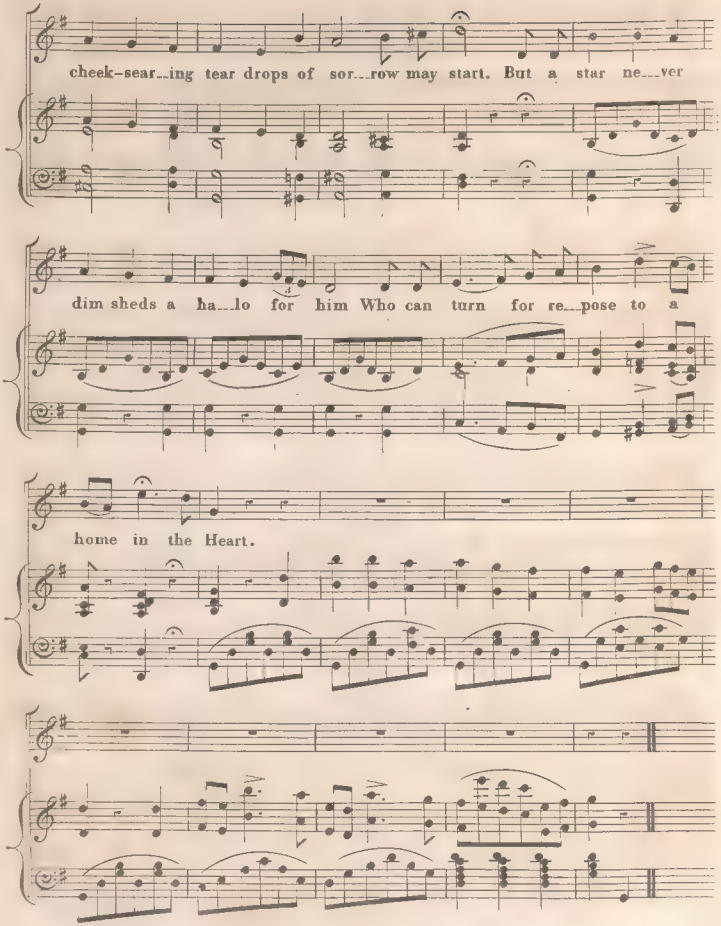
Oh link but one spi_rit that's warm_ly sin___cere That will heighten your

pp

plea__sure and so____lace your care Find a soul you may trust as the

kind and the just And be sure the wide world holds no treasure so

rare. Then the frowns of mis__for__tune may sha__dow our lot The


cheek-sear...ing tear drops of sor...row may start. But a star ne...ver
dim sheds a ha...lo for him Who can turn for re...pose to a
home in the Heart.

WHAT CAN BEAUTY GIVE ME MORE?

A Song,

Sung by

MADE VESTRIS,

In the Burletta of

A HANDSOME HUSBAND,

The Words by

Charles Mathews, Esq.re

The Music by

J. H. TULLY.

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WHAT CAN BEAUTY GIVE ME MORE?

The Poetry by Charles Mathews Esq.re

The Music by M. Kelly

ANDANTE E SCHERZANDO

p

sf

ff

Soothd by his ac-cents sweet and kind I hour-ly bless'd my

p

hap-py lot He cherish'd me when helpless blind I lov'd him though I

Rall ad lib

Colla voce

a Tempo *p* *tr* *f*

saw him not Then what can beauty give me more A spark-ling eye a

Ritard: *a Tempo*

no - ble brow Oh no I lov'd so well be-fore I can-not love him

tr *Rall: ad lib:*

bet-ter now No I cannot can-not love him bet - ter

now.

tr *f*

Let me but know his heart the same I'll seek no charm of

p

form or face Though he as - sume an an - gel's frame It

Rall: ad lib: *a Tempo*

could not add a sin - gle grace E'en blest with sight should

Colla voce

p *f*

I e'er find A change in him I thus a - dore With

joy would I a - - - gain be blind To love him as I

lov'd be - fore To love him love him love him

as I lov'd. . . . . be - fore.

f

THE MINSTREL WOO'D A BEAUTEOUS MAID,

ROMANCE,

SUNG BY

MISS POOLE,

IN THE GRAND OPERA

FAIR ROSAMOND,

PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre Royal Drury Lane.

WRITTEN BY C. Z. BARNETT, COMPOSED BY AND F. SHANNON.

JOHN BARNETT.

ENT. STA. HALL

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MINE MUST BE THE SILENT TEAR.. *Air Sung by Miss Romer.*

THE MORNING BREAKS, *Scena Sung by Mr. H. Phillips.*

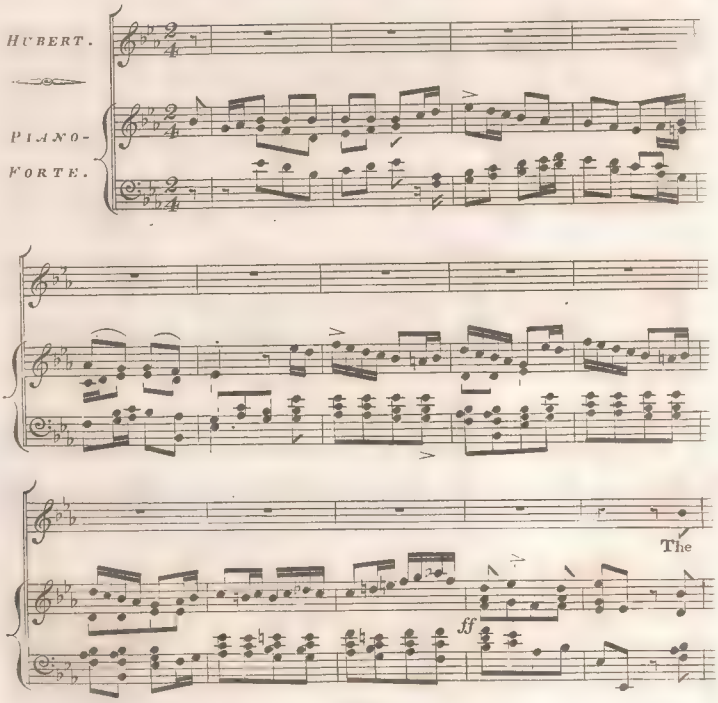
CHEER THEE! *Duett Sung by Mr. Wilson & Mr. Giubilei.*

A FATHER'S LOOK I DARE NOT MEET, *Trio Sung by Miss Romer Mr. Wilson & Mr. H. Phillips.*

AH MUST WE PART FOR EVER, *Quartett Sung by Miss Romer Mr. Wilson Mr. Phillips and Mr. Giubilei.*

THE MINSTREL WOO'D A BEAUTEOUS MAID.

BALLAD.



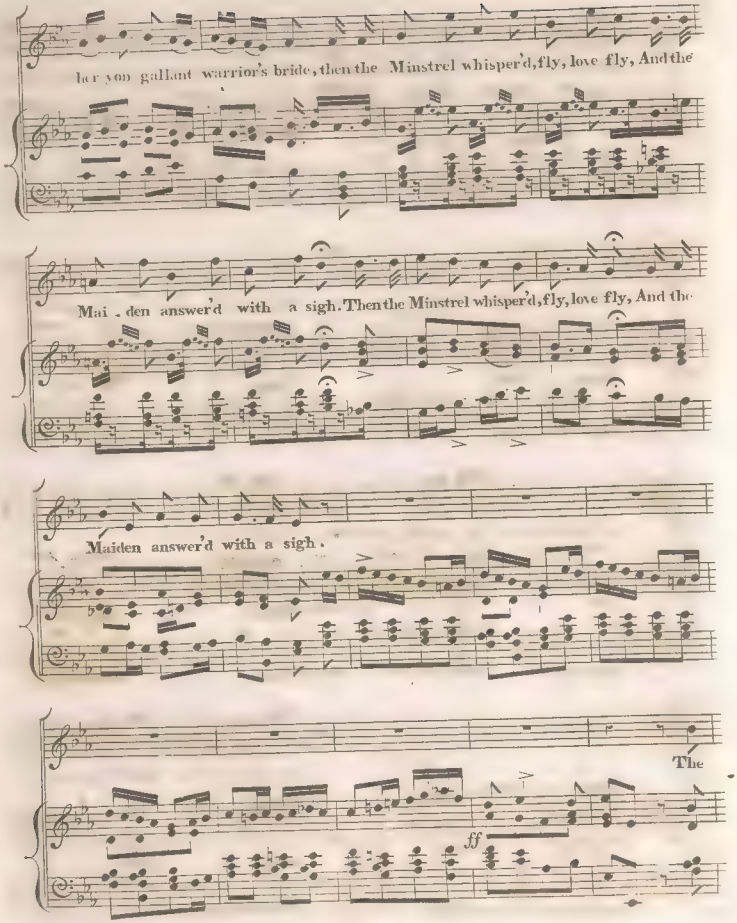
Minstrel woo'd a beauteous Maid, The Minstrel woo'd a beauteous Maid, oft

sang be - neath her bow'r; And soon her love his lay re - paid, and

soon her love his lay repaid, they met at moonlight hour.

f *ff*

A - - las! her Father's Lordly pride, will'd


her you gallant warrior's bride, then the Minstrel whisper'd, fly, love fly, And the
Mai - den answer'd with a sigh. Then the Minstrel whisper'd, fly, love fly, And the
Maiden answer'd with a sigh.
The
ff

Bridal morn rose bright and gay, The Bridal morn rose bright and gay, but

ere nights shadows fell; The love-ly Bride was far a-way, The

lovely Bride was far a-way, with him she lov'd so well

f *ff*

To part no more their vows they plight, the

Maiden fair and Minstrel Knight, If there breathes a heart could coldly blame, Oh! it

ne - ver glow'd with love's pure flame. If there breathes a heart could coldly blame, Oh! it

never glow'd with love's pure flame.

ff

A DREAM OF THE PAST,

BALLAD,

SUNG BY

Mr. H. PHILLIPS,

AND

Mr. ALFRED SHAW,

AT THE

FESTIVALS AND CONCERTS,

THE POETRY BY

CHARLES JEFFERYS,

THE MUSIC BY

ALEXANDER LEE.

Kut. Sta. Hall.

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A DREAM OF THE PAST.

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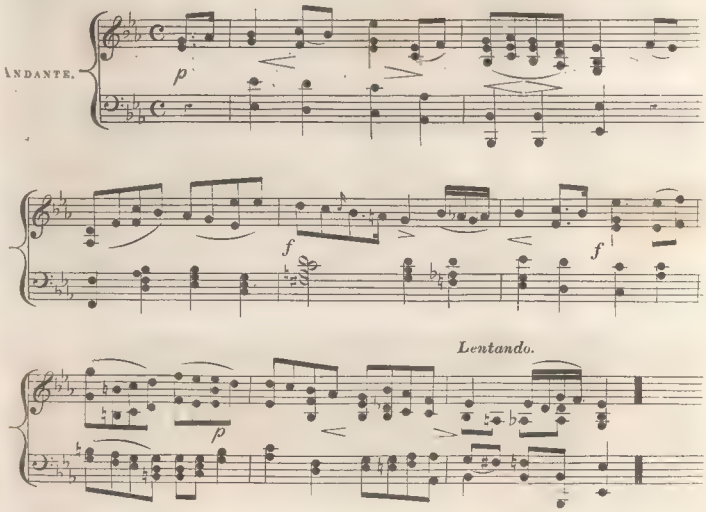

mf

There's a joy for the young, there's a joy for the old, More than

Day's brightest vi - sions can e - ver un - fold, And it comes o'er the heart, in the

deep sleep of night, Like a rain-bow that tin-ges the storm clouds with light; Its

beams may soon va - nish but, oh! while they last, Hath the world aught of joy like a

p

1 Dream of the past.

dream of the Past Hath the

dream of the Past Hath the world aught of joy like a dream of the Past!

mf

The days of our Child-hood — the

f *p*

years of our Youth Put on in that hour all the semblance of Truth; We may

f *p*

sport with the play-ful, and smile with the gay, As we

sport_ed and play'd in Life's hap - - pi_est day: The heart may be lone_ly, our

lot be o'er_cast, But the lone_li_est still have a dream of the Past. The

or dream of the Past.

lone li_est still have a dream of the Past. We may

hold sweetest converse with friends that are gone, We may whis_per the vow that was

\ Dream of the past.

breath'd but to one. — Even Death can not take from the sweet sleep of night The

Parent or friend that hath once blest our sight; 'Tis the E - den of Earth which no

grief can o'er - cast That comes o'er the heart in a dream of the Past It

p

Cadenza

or

dream of the Past.

ad lib.

comes o'er the heart in a dream of the Past.

p

A Dream of the past.

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Deep in a Dungeon?

ROMANCE

SUNG BY

Mr. Sinclair.

In the Opera of

NATIVE LAND,

at the

Theatre Royal Covent Garden,

Composed by

HRB

HENRY R. BISHOP.

Composer & Director of the Music to the Theatre Royal Covent Garden.

Pat Sta Hall

Pr: 2/

London Printed by Goulding D'Almaine & Co. 20 Soho Square, Globe had at 7 Westmoreland St Dublin.

Clar:

Larghetto Espressivo

p dol

AURELIO

Deep in a dungeon, stretch'd on straw, There last my hapless friend I saw; His body

con affetto

bore the galling chain, While fever's fire consumd his brain, With burning

grasp my hand he wrung, And thus the wretch in madnesssung in madness sung!

I had a sister! where where is she! She feignd my second self my

Andante e Teneramente

stacc.

second self to be! Can misery can misery ties of blood dis-

sever? A captive, Brother calls for aid, She hears him not, for_ get_ ful maid! Ah!

mf *p*

rad lib. *sotto voce*

no ah never! ah! no she hears not never never ah! no, she hears not,

fz *f* *f* *f* *ppp*

or

no no no never

ne_ ver! no! no never!

f *f* *f* *ff*

Tempo 1mo

A_ non, with rage his pale cheek flush'd, As hasty blood re_

f *f* *p*

turning rush'd, new fires il_lum'd his failing eye it roll'd it kindled fearfully! His lip con_

vulsd with scorn, with pride, As thus the maniac wildly cried He wild_ly cried.

Andante espressivo

A faith_less guardian a guardian once was mine Who sells who

sells young hearts At mammon's at mammon's shrine? And mocks and

mocks the wretch's last en_deavour Shall heav'n forgive that caitiff slave! No

ff mf p mf p

no, it's light'nings rend the knave! It's thunders sound his doom for ever!

f f f f

sotto voce

thunders sound his doom his doom for ever yes sound his doom for e_ver

pp calando

or

yes yes for for ever

yes! yes for e ver.

f f ff f f

THIRD VERSE

A - gain to transient calm resign'd, As reason's beam just cross'd just cross'd his

Larghetto espres

pp

dol *soave*

mind, The victim cease'd to mourn his fate, And lost in love, his dreams of hate: Soft stealing

pp *dol*

tears suffus'd his eyes, And thus discours'd his latest sighs, his la - - test sighs.

sosten

The maid I lov'd! protect protect her heav'n! Her broken

Andante Affettuoso
ma non troppo lento

stacc

p

Native Land

vows her vows are all all for_givn! Despair like mine like mine be her lot

never! Clymantes name just once he spoke, Then one deep sigh his heart strings broke, Yes

Lady yes they broke for ever Yes lady yes they broke for ever yes yes they broke for e

sotto voce

yes! yes! for for ever

ver yes for ever!

NOW THE NIGHT HER MANTLE CLOSES,

Sung by

Mr. Parry Junr.

at the

Concerts & Festivals,

from a Set of

SIX SONGS AND TWO DUETS,

Containing

Land of Song. | Sigh not.

The Troubadour Rudel. | Now the Night her Mantle closes.

O! for the Dance. | Night at Sea.

Our Song shall be of other Days.

Oh for that voice of gladness.

The Poetry by T. H. Bayly Esq. Composed by

HENRI HERZ.

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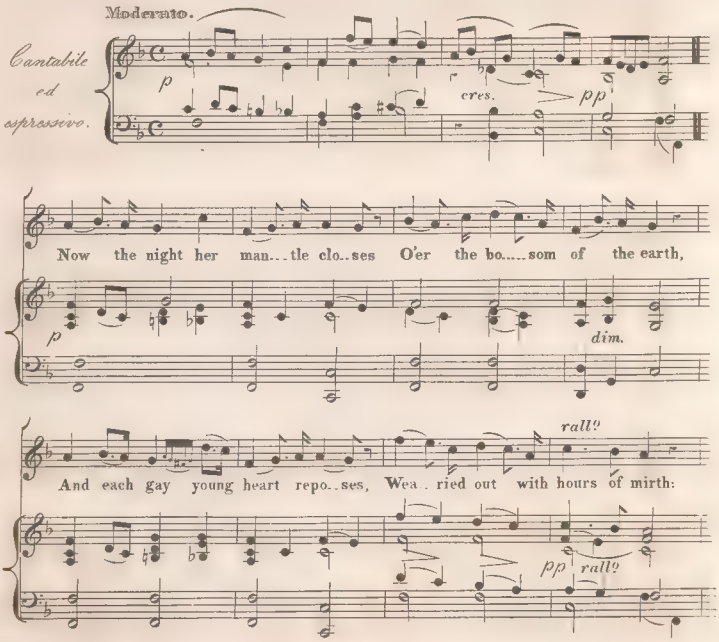
Now the night her mantle closes.

Composed by Henri Herz



a Tempo. *cres* - - - - - - *dim.*

We will leave our lone.....ly dwelling, By the dark sea—

a Tempo.

p *cres* - - - - - - - - *dim.*

beach to stray; — While the fair south — breeze is tel.....ling

ritard.

Of the friends it wafts a...way. *a Tempo.*

colla voce.

cres. *pp*

Now the night her mantle closes.

Vain is now the re.....col..lec...tion Of kind things we

p

might have said, Each ap.....pear....ance of af..fec...tion

dim.

rall° *a Tempo.* *cres* - - -

Lost a.....mid the tears we shed! Words in..ten.....ded

a Tempo.

pp *rall°* *p* *cres* - - - -

- - - - *dim.*

to be...to.....ken That our friend.....ship was sin...cere, . . .

- - - *dim.*

Now the night her mantle closes.

ritard.

Now revive, – tho' all un.spo...ken, When those friends still lin.ger'd near.

colla voce.

a Tempo.

cres. *pp*

Oh! for sun..shine on the o....cean! Still their Barque would

p

be in sight, Oh! to check its on....ward mo....tion

dim.

Now the night her mantle closes.

rall.º a Tempo. cres - -

'Till the co.....ming of the light! But when beams a....

a Tempo.

pp rall.º p cres - - - -

- - - dim.

..no.....ther morning, O.....ther Barques will crowd the bay, —

- - - dim.

Some will smile on friends re.turn..ing, We shall weep friends

ritard.

far a...way.

calla voce. cres. pp rall.º

Now the night her mantle closes.

A CATALOGUE OF MUSIC COMPOSED BY HENRI HERZ

VOCAL.

A FIRST SET OF SIX SONGS AND TWO DUETS, THE POETRY BY T. HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ., &c. &c.

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OH! FOR THE DANCE.
LAND OF SONG.
OH! FOR THAT VOICE OF GLADNESS.

NIGHT AT SEA.——sung by Madame Malibran.
THE TROUBADOUR, RUDEL.—Mr. H. Phillips.
SIGH NOT!
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[illegible] Dactylion [illegible] equal [illegible] to obtain [illegible] Vienna, Berlin, Munich, Brussels, Frankfort, [illegible] other continental cities, and is already introduced into all the Prussian armies under the sanction of the government.

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At the request of the Minister of the Interior, the Musical Section Academy of Fine Arts has examined the construction of the Dactylion, a invention of M. Henri Herz. The Author of the Section, read at the [illegible] Saturday, December 26, 1835, a report, in which the members of this Committee composed of MM. the Baron de Frenis, Cherubini, Lesueur, Paër, Auber, and Berton, bestowed on the Inventor of the Dactylion a merited eulogy. Invited the Academy to give its opposition to the conclusions of Gréty

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Air,

Sung by

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OR

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The Music by

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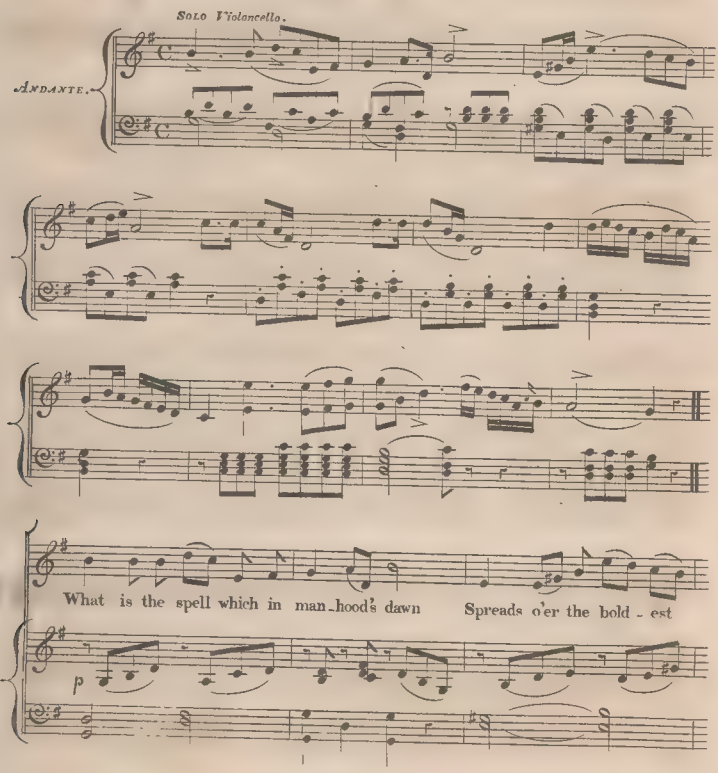
THE SPELL IS WOMAN'S LOVE.



hearts? 'Tis a spell, 'tis a spell..... which

ad lib:

hal - - - lows life's young morn, And is sa - cred when life, when life de -

Cres *poco* *Dim* *Ritard:*

- parts. What is the spell — what is the spell

p

spreads o'er the boldest hearts?.... 'Tis woman's love; 'tis woman's love; it

Cres *f*

twines the brow with the hero's wreath of fame; it draws the sword, it

breathes the vow. The spell ..... the spell is woman's

mf

pp

love ..... is woman's love. the spell ..... the

pp *mf*

spell is woman's love, is wo - - - man's love, the

spell ..... the spell is woman's love, is woman's love, the

pp

ad lib:

spell the spell is woman's love. 'Tis the bright green spot on the

ad lib:

p *Dolce espress:* *Legato.* *ritard.* *p*

de_sert of life; 'tis the foun_tain of life fresh gush_ing; 'tis the

star of hope in the night of fate, 'tis the dawn of young joys blushing.

fp

What is the spell, what is the spell spread o'er the bold--est

Cres

hearts?..... 'Tis wo--man's love, 'tis wo--man's love en-

f *p*

twines the brow with the hero's wreath of fame; It draws the sword, it

breathes the vow. The spell..... the spell is woman's

mf

pp

love ..... is woman's love; the spell ..... the

pp mf

spell is woman's love, is wo - - - man's love; the

spell ..... the spell is woman's love, is woman's love, the

pp

spell, the spell is woman's love.

ad lib p Dolce espress: Legato. ritard:

LET ME WANDER NOT UNSEEN.

from L'ALLEGRO il PENSEROSO,

Composed by G. F. HANDEL.

Price 1/

London, Published by J. LAWSON, 198 Tottenham Court Road.

Siciliano

mf

Sy

Let me wan_der not un_ -- seen by hedge row Elms or hil_locks green.

There the Ploughman near at hand. Whistles o'er the furrow'd land, There the Ploughman near at hand, Whistles o'er the furrow'd land;

And the milk-maid singeth blithe and the Mower whets his scythe and every shepherd tells his tale, under the haw the nightingale the dale.

And every shepherd tells his tale, under the haw thorn in the dale.

Or let the merry Bells ring round, f p f p f p

f Or let the merry Bells ring round and the Jocund rebecks

sound, and the jocund rebecks sounds and the jocund rebecks sound,

to many a youth & many a maid dancing in the checquer'd shade,

to many a youth & many a maid dancing in the checquer'd shade, dancing dan

cing dancing in the checquer'd shade, to many a youths many a maid dancing in the checquer'd

shade dancing dan cing dancing in the checquer'd shade.

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS,

Ballad,

Sung by

Mr. C. Hallys,

In the Grand Opera

THE MAID OF ARTOIS,

Performed at the

Theatre Royal Drury Lane.

The Words by

Alfred Cunningham Esq.re

The Music by

M. W. BALFE.

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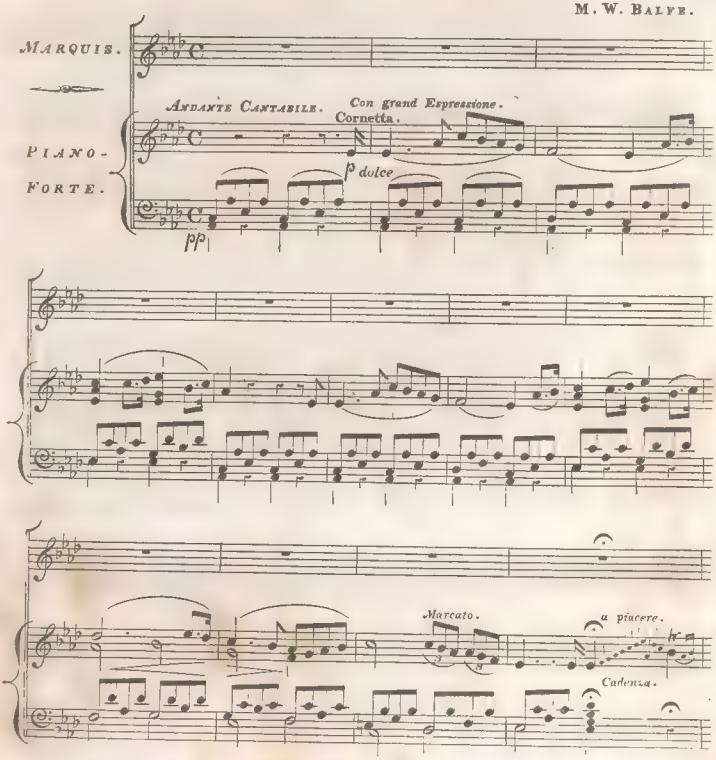
M. W. Balfe.



The light of o-ther days is fa- - - - - - ded, And

p

all their glo- - ries past, For grief with heavy wing hath

sha- - - - - ded The hopes too bright to last; The

world which morning's mantle cloud- - - - ed Shines forth with pu- - - rer

rays; But the heart ne'er feels, in sorrow shroud - - - ed The

Colla Parte. *pp*

light of o - - ther days. But the heart ne'er feels, in sorrow

shroud - - - - - - - ed, The light of o - - - - ther days.

pp dolce

The

leaf which Autumn tempests wi - - - - ther, The birds which then take

wing, When win - - - - - - ters winds are past come

hi - - - - - ther To wel - - come back the Spring; The

ve - - - - ry I - vy on the ru - - - - - in In Gloom - - full life dis -

-plays; But the heart a-lone sees no re--new----ing The

Colla Parte.

pp

light of o--ther days. But the heart a-lone sees no re-

-new--------ing, The light of o----ther days.

pp dolce

p

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No. 4,

OF

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THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

A Superstition, of great beauty, prevails in Ireland, that when a Child smiles in its sleep, it is "talking to Angels."

Written and Arranged by S. LOVER Esq.

ANDANTE. *molto espressione.*

A ba - by was sleeping, Its mother was weeping, For her

hus - band was far on the wild ra - ging sea, And the

f

ad lib:

tempest was swelling, Round the fish - er - man's dwelling, And she

Cres. *colla voce.*

cried "Dermot darling, Oh come back to me." Her

beads while she number'd, The ba-by still slumber'd, And smil'd in her face as she

bended her knee, "Oh bless'd be that warning, My child, thy sleep a-

dorn-ing, For I know that the angels are whispering to thee."

colla voce.

And while they are keeping Bright watch o'er thy

pp

sleep - ing, Oh pray to them soft - ly, my ba - by with me, And

say thou would'st ra - ther, They'd watch o'er thy Fa - ther, For I

colla voce.

know that the an - gels are whis - pering with thee.

pp

The dawn of the morning, Saw Der_mot re_turn_ing, And the

wife wept with joy her babe's fa_ther to see, And close_ly ca_

f

res_sing Her child, with a blessing, Said "I knew that the angels were

whis_per_ing with thee."

Mr. W. J. Dowling
from
J. Henry

SWEETLY ON THE WINGS OF MORNING,

sung by

MADAME VESTRIS,

in the Historical Opera of

HOFER,

The Tell of the Tyrol

AT THE

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

The Poetry by I. R. PLANCHÉ,

Composed by

ROSSINI,

Arranged & Adapted for the English Stage.

BY

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SUNG BY
MADAME VESTRIS.

ADAPTED and ARRANGED
BY HENRY R. BISHOP.

Andantino.

Corno Inglese

Flauto

JOSEPHINE.

Sweet=ly on the wings of morning, Float=ing down the val = = = ley!

A= = i a= = i a= = = i a= = i a= = i a = i a= = = = = i

Flauto

Comes the kine's me-lo-dious warning, On the hills to ral - - - ly!

pp

a - - - i a - i a - - - i a - i a - i a - - - - i!

Flauto

Peace in ev'ry note is breath - - ing On them echo, echo loves to dwell; echo,

p *pp*

rall? *dol:* *rall?* *a tempo*

echo, echo, echo loves to dwell - - - - - - - - - Silv - ry mists the

ral? *p*

Sweetly on (HOFER)

Piu moto un poco

lake... enwreathing, Rise like spirits at... the spell! a = i a = i a = i

rf

a = i a = i a = i a = i a = i a = i a = i a = i Rise like spirits at the

pp *f* *f*

spell!

ff *rf* *rf* *rall?*

Corni

RECIT:

But ere long the Peasant's song To sterner music changing, Banner'd

tremolo. *fp*

Sweetly on (HOFFR)

ranks the vale shall throng Re= venge the rocks be ranging!

ff p *f* *p* *pp*

All° Vivace.

Squad=rons galloping! flames en=ve=loping Crags with carnage reeking!

p *ff*

Trum = pets sounding! shots re bounding! Death for vic - tims shrieking!

p *Tromba* *ff*

'Till the shout of vic_to-ry clear= = = ing Bat=tle's crimson clouds a way;

p *pp Tromba*

Sweetly on (HOFER)

rall.o

Peace with Freedom re_ap-pear-ing Here resume their ancient sway;

Tempo 1mo

Then a_gain the breeze of mor ning Float-ing down the val-ley

All.tto Vivace.

Shall bear the king's melo-dious war-ning On the hills to ral-ly a_i a i a_i!

On the hills to ral-ly!

Sweetly on (HOFER)

"LIGHT MY HEART WITH JOY IS BOUNDING,"

"Die Ruinen," Romance, von Reinbeck.

for

Voice and Piano,

Composed by

C. M. VON WEBER.

Translated and Adapted by

JNo RHING.

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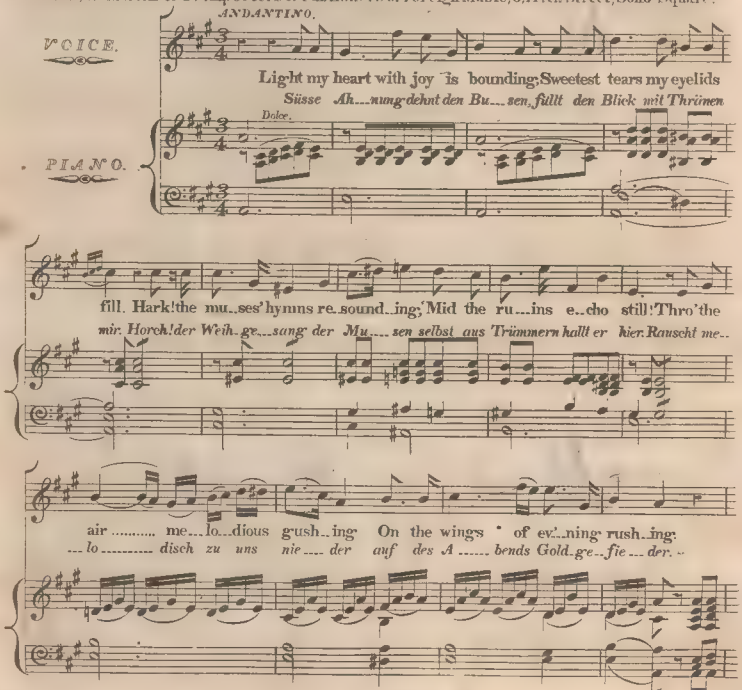


Cres.

Glorious dreams of times long vanishd, Are ye e..... ver past a...
Was einst herr...lich sich ge.....stal..tet, ist es e.....wig den da..

Cres.

...way? Are the Gods then banishd? Hath a darksome spi..rit tyrant sway O..ver
...hin? Giebt es kei...ne Göt..ter? Wal..tet nur ein feindlich trü..ber Sinn ü..ber

Con Fuoco.

all thou wont'st to cherish? Muse! that bloom'd then but to perish?
al... les hier im Stau..be? Blüht es nur der Zeit zum Rau..be?

Dolce.

Ah! no sounds but strains of sadness, Echo'midst these ruins
Ach! Vér...ö ..... det stehn die Trümmer, und kein Iu... bel..ton er...

p

wide, Where in ro...sy bowrs of glad..ness, Once the Goddess ruled in
schallt, wo im mil..den Ro... sen.. schim..mer einst die Göt...tinn selbst ge...

pride; Lit..tle loves ..... a... round her play..... ing, Doves a...
...wallt; A...mo... ret ..... ten sie um..... schwirr... ten, Täubchen

... mong the ro... ses stray... ing.
ko..... send sie um... girr..... ten.

Cres.

Can then aught that once so brightly Bloom'd in ripeness thus decay?
A... ber was ins Le..ben rei...fet, kann das je..mals un...tergehn?

Decres.

f

No! the scythe of time but slight.ly glances o'er it in its way, And the flow'rs of Ge.nius ne..... ver; ne..... ver ne...ver die, they bloom for e..... ver, ne... ver die, they bloom for e..... ver. Ri ..... ses

Nein! die Hül.... le nur entstrei ... fet Kro.nos Si...chel und lässt stehn, was der Geist dem Geist ge... boh .... ren; e..... wig e...wig bleibt es un..... ver..loh... ren, e .... wig bleibt es un..... ver... ... loh... ren. Herr...lich

(W & C Nº 1736.)

bright the sa...cred dwel...ling, To the min..... strel's rap...tur'd
tritt der Bau vol..... len..... det, vor des Sän..... gers Wei...he.....

eye, Grand, sub...lime, be...hold it swel..... ling, In its
...blick, und wo...hin er sich auch wen..... det, kehrt die

ancient ma.... jes ..... ty; And the Mu ..... ses wave their
al...te Pracht zu ..... rück; und die Cha ..... ris sieht er

Poco più moto.

pin..... ions Joy...ous o'er their lov'd do... mi..... nions.
wal..... len in den wohl..... be... kann... ten Hal..... len.

Poco più moto.

Cres.

Hark! the hymns of ho..liest feel..ing From the heart that soar a...
Und er hört die Iu..bel.....lie...der in der tief..... be...weg..ten

...bove; See be..fore each altar kneeling; Thousands pray in Joy and love; And all
Brust; sieht vor je...dem Al..tar wieder, Knieend flehn in Lieb und Lust; ei..nen

Heav'n around de...scending With the clouds of incense blending.
Hin ..... mel her sich nei...gen wo des Weih..... rauchs Wol..ken stei...gen.

Ritard. un poco.

TEMPO PRIMO.

Light my heart with joy is bounding, Sweetest tears my eye lids
Süsse Ah ..... nung dehnt den Bu..... sen füllt den Blick mit Thränen

TEMPO PRIMO.

fill. Hark! the Mu.... ses' hymns re..... sound.....ing, 'Mid the
mir. Horch! der Weih... ge... sang der Mu..... sen, selbst aus

ru.... ins e..... cho still, Thro' the air..... me... lo... dious
Trüm..mern hallt er hier, rauscht me..... lo..... disch zu uns

gush.... ing, On the wings of ev...ning rush... ing. FINE.
wie..... der auf des A..... bends Gold ge... fie..... der.

Ritard

FINE.

THIRD EDITION

THE PLAIN GOLD RING,

THE WORDS BY

WILLM THOS MONCRIEFF, ESQR

SUNG BY

MADAME VESTRIS,

THE MUSIC

PARTLY ADAPTED FROM A SUBJECT BY

KARL.M.V.WEBER.

Bat.Sta.Hall. Price 2

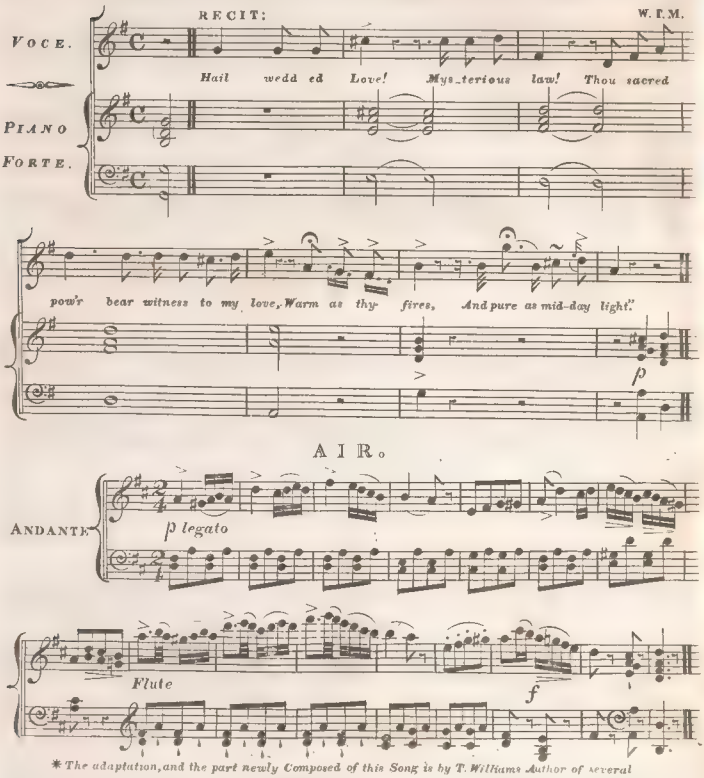
LONDON,

Published by T.Williams, 2, Strand.

THE PLAIN GOLD RING.

*The Words by W. T. MONCRIEFF Esqr. The Music by WEBER.**

* I forget the name of the Love-Sick Peeress upon whose seasonable hint to a gallant young Officer this ballad is founded, it is however a well authenticated anecdote in the higher circles.



* The adaptation, and the part newly Composed of this Song is by T. Williams Author of several Vocal Pieces which have attained some popularity

He was a Knight of low de.... gree, A La dy high and fair was

she, She drop'd a ring He rais'd the gem, 'Twas rich as east..ern

di.....dem. "Nay, as your mistress' ...tro...phy

f

take The toy.. when next a lance you break."

f

He to the Tour___nay rode a_____way, And bore off glo___ry's

wreath that day, And bore off glo__ry's wreath that day, And

Trumpet.

ad lib:

bore off glo__ry's wreath that day.

f

The Plain Gold Ring.

How did his ar--dent bo--som beat, When hast'ning to that

La---dy's feet, The ring and wreath he--- proud--ly--- laid, "Oh

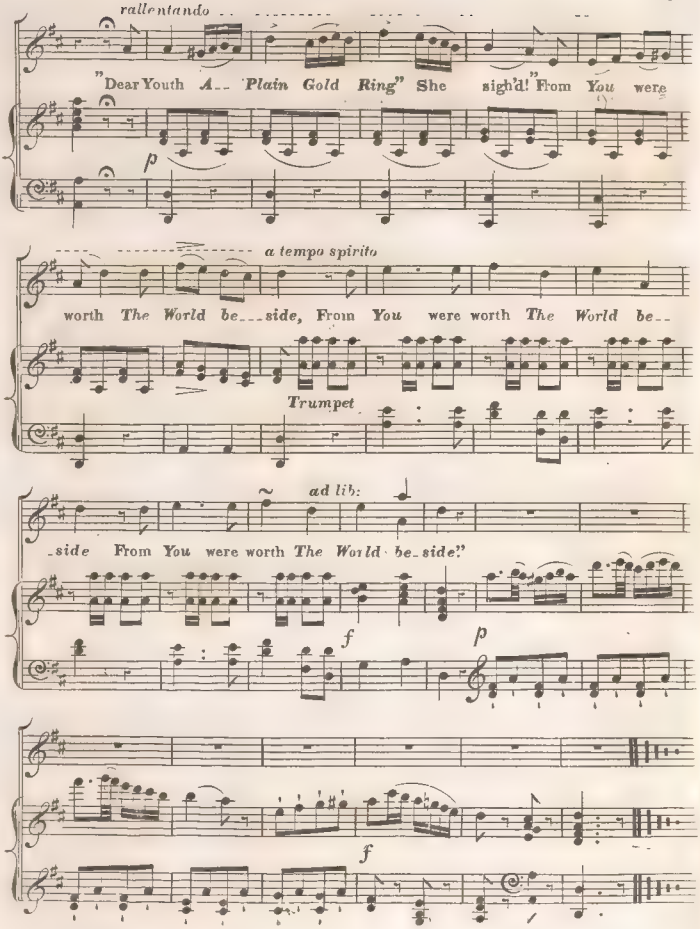
keep the ring" She soft--ly said. "A ring so

rich I may not wear How e'er--- return a gift so rare!"

f

sf

The Plain Gold Ring


rallentando
"Dear Youth A-- Plain Gold Ring" She sigh'd! "From You were
p
a tempo spirito
worth The World be---side, From You were worth The World be--
Trumpet
ad lib:
-side From You were worth The World be-side!"
f
p
f

'TIS TRUE WE'VE LOVED TOGETHER,

Ballad,

The Words by

R. C. B.

The Music by

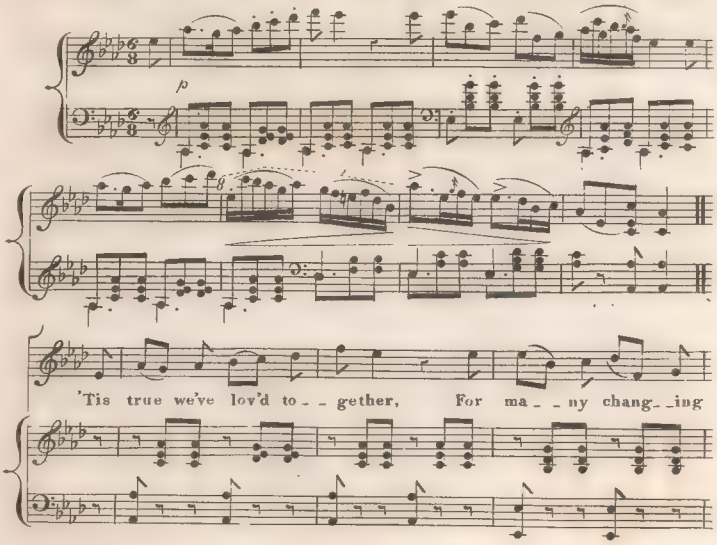
J. F. POULTER.

Ent. Sta. Hall. Pr. 2/.

LONDON,
Mr. A. Fentum, 78, Strand.

'TIS TRUE WE'VE LOV'D TOGETHER.

Andantino con Espressione.



years, That we've shar'd each o - thers sor - - - - rows, And

wept each o - - thers tears.

Ours is no transi-ent fleet - - ing love, Which like the rain - - - bow

plays, That wreaths the memo - ry just as long, As it en - - chants the

'gaze, 'Tis true we've lov'd to_ _gether, For ma_ _ny chang_ing

years, That we've shared each o_ _thers sor_ _ _rows And

Ad lib:

wept each o_ _thers tears.

Ad lib.

Our passion is no sun born

flower, A mo_ _ment brings to light. That

wastes its bloom in one brief day, And with _ers in a

night. But love hath wordless

cres

me_ _ lo _dy, An e_ _ lo_quence no tongue, Can ere ex_ _press in

hu_ _man breath, Or sing in sweetest song, 'Tis true we've lov'd to_ _

_ _ _ _gether, For ma_ _ _ny chang_ _ing years, That we've

Ad lib.

shared each o thers sor_ _rows, And wept each o_ _ _thers tears . .

Ad lib.

THE WARRIOR'S HOME,

Sung by

MISS TAYLOR,

In the Musical Drama of

THE YOUNG KING,

at the

Theatre Royal, Haymarket,

THE POETRY BY

PERCIVAL FARREN, ESQRE

The Music by

T. GERMAN REED.

(Composer to the Theatre Royal, Haymarket.)

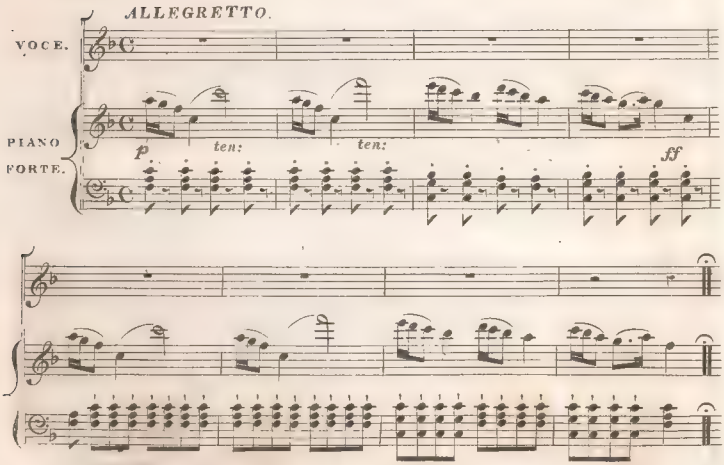
Pat. Stationers Hall — *Price 2/6*

London. Published by, T. E. PURDAY, *50, St. Paul's Church Yard.*
SUCCESSOR in this branch of the business to COLLARD & COLLARD *(late Clementi & Co.)*

THE WARRIOR'S HOME.

Poetry by P. Farren Esqr

Music by T. G. Reed.



Brighter Lands, other Homes.

THE YOUNG KING.

Sung by Miss TAYLOR in E♭.

Brighter Lands, o_ther homes the War_rior may see, The

p

home of his heart on his own land must be; And how

heart_felt the cry, as that home meets his glance, as that

mf

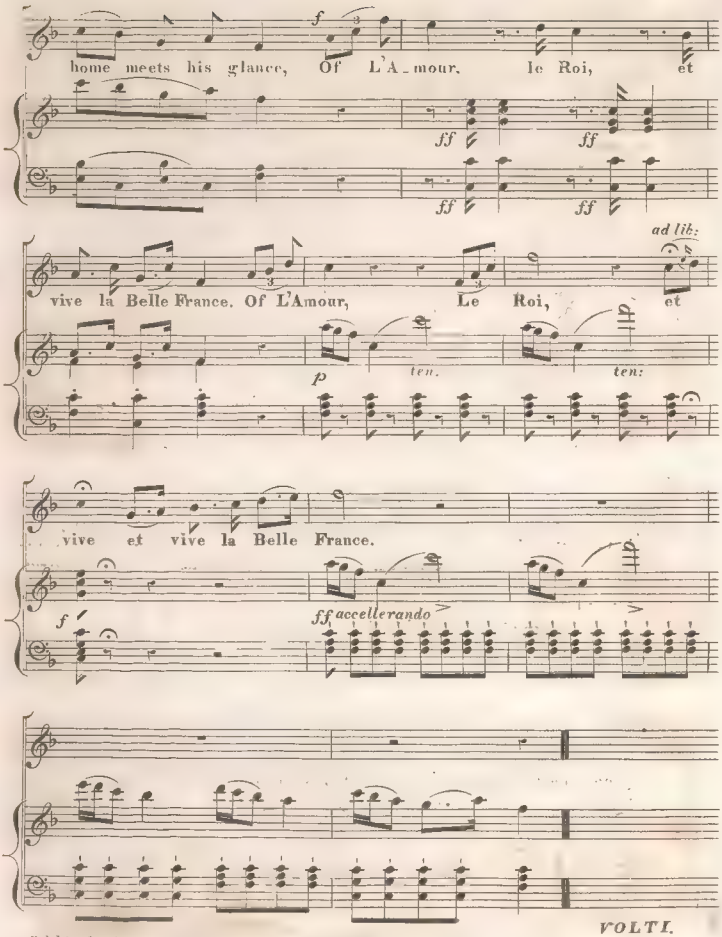
mf

ad lib: *a tempo*

home meets his glance, And how heart_felt the cry, as that

colla voce *a tempo* *dolce*

pp e sostenuto


home meets his glance, Of L'A_mour, le Roi, et
ff
ff
ff
ff
ad lib:
vive la Belle France. Of L'Amour, Le Roi, et
p
ten.
ten:
vive et vive la Belle France.
f
ff accellerando
VOLTI.

Tempo Primo.

All he loves ga_ther round to bless and be blest, His

p

age seeks re_pose where his child_hood found rest; Each

e__choes his cry at the feast, song, or dance, at the

Anima.
ad lib:

a tempo.

P dolce.

feast, song, or dance, Each e__choes his cry at the

mf colla voce.

a tempo.

pp sostenuto.

feast, song, or dance, Of l'A - mour, le Roi, et

ffe *ff*

a tempo.

vive la Belle France. Of l'A - mour, le Roi, et

mf a tempo. *p* *ten:* *ten:*

vive et vive la Belle France.

f *ff accellerando*

IDA ADIEU!

A Ballad,

Published with Permission from

PICTURES of PRIVATE LIFE,

SUNG WITH THE MOST DISTINGUISHED SUCCESS

at the

Nobility's Parties,

BY

MAD^E F. WARLICH,

COMPOSED & RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

Mrs. E. Davies,

By

B. LÜTGEN,

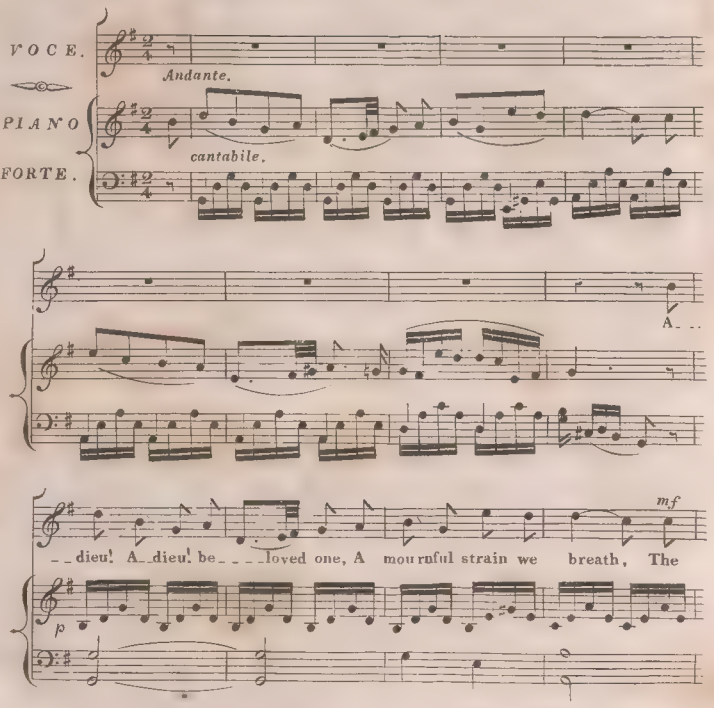
Nephew to Mad^e Stockhausen.

Ent. Sta. Hall. *Pr. 2/.*

LONDON, M. A. FENTUM, 78, STRAND.

IDA ADIEU!

By B. Lütgen.



p *mf* *accel.*

fair_ _est flow_er of the spring, Is fall_ _ing from our wreath. Our

gem will soon be snatched a _way, The gem so proud_ _ly

rall.

worn, The chord of swee, est me_ lo dy from our si_ lent harp be

pp *colla voce*

tempo primo

torn, O_ _ _ _ fare thee well be_ _ _ _ loved one, We

can__not give thee more, Than a blessing on thy part_ing step, When our

p

hap__py dream is o'er.

dolce

We shall want thy mer_ry smile I__da! To

fill our heart with joy, We shall miss thee at the close of day, When the

dew lies on the lea, We shall seek thee in the for_est glen, Be

_side the wimpl_ing burn, And ask the for_ est

p

rall

birds to say, When I da will re_turn, O . . . . . .

colla voce

tempo primo

fare thee well be loved one, A long and sad A_

dieu. Thou mayst seek the wild world o'er and find no friends more

true. I - da A -

sempre legato

p

pp

dieu. I - da A -

dieu.

morendo

"I LOVE THEE STILL,"

Ballad,

Sung by

Mr. HOBBS & Mr. BROADHURST,

Written by

J. S. DALRYMPLE ESQr.

Composed, & Respectfully dedicated to

The Right Hon.ble Lord Burghersh,

BY

J. BLEWITT.

Ent. Sta. Hall. — Price 2

LONDON.

Published by C. GEROCK & Co. 79. Cornhill.

"I LOVE THEE STILL."

Poetry by
J. S. DALRYMPLE Esq.

Music by J. BLEWITT,
Author of the Prize Ballad,
"When crown'd with Summer Roses"

ALLEGRETTO.

VOICE.

PIANO FORTE.

f *p* *lentando.* *a tempo.* *pp*

Do you ev__er dream of me, love, When the cold world is at rest; Oft my heart vibrates to

p *pp* *p* *f* *lentando.* *p* *a tempo.*

thee, love, Like some chord thy hand hath prest; Could one thought of thee a--

f

wa--ken, In my soul, a deep--er thrill, Twould be thus, to live, for--

p

sa--ken, Yet to feel, I love thee still, I love thee still, I love thee

pp

still, I love thee, love thee still. Do you

slentando.

ev---er dream of me, love, When the cold world is at

pp *slentando.*

a tempo.

rest; Oft my heart vi---brates to thee, love, like some

a tempo.

chord thy hand hath prest, Oft my heart vi---brates to

f *lentando.*

thee, love, to thee, love, to.....

pp *f*

thee.

p

f

2nd Verse.

That sweet time hath past a---way, love! On whose wings, the light that

f *p* *lentando.*

shone, Through the sun--ny air of day, love, Seem'd to smile on us, a--

f *a tempo.*

lone. But the light of life shall cher--ish, Yet a ling--ring, deep--er

p

thrill; That must on--ly waste, or per--ish, With the heart that loves thee

still, that loves thee still, that loves thee still, that loves thee

pp

still, that loves thee still. Do you ev_er dream of me, love, When the

f

lentando. *a tempo.*

cold world is at rest? Oft my heart vibrates to thee, love, like some

lentando. *a tempo.* *ad lib:*

chord thy hand hath prest, Oft my heart vibrates to thee, love, to

f *p*

thee love, to..... thee.

pp *f*

p

BOUND WHERE THOU WILT, MY BARB;

Poet,

LORD BYRON.

Composer,

I. NATHAN.

LONDON:

GEORGE AND MANBY, 85, FLEET STREET.

Ent. Sta. Hall

No. II.—*Price 2s.*

STANFORD, CHARLTON AND CO. PRINTERS, FLEET STREET

Bound where thou wilt my bark.

Poet. Lord. Byron — Composer. I. Nathan.

Andante

Bound where thou wilt, my barb! or glide my prow! But be the star that guides the wand'rer, thou!

ff

ff

But be the star that guides the wand'rer thou! Thou my Zu_lei_ka,

share and bless my bark; The Dove of peace and promise to mine ark!

Thou..... my Zu..leika share and bless my bark, The Dove of peace and

promise to mine ark or since that hope denied in worlds of

strife, Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life! Be thou the

Bound where thou wilt

Nathan

rainbow to the storms of life, The eve.....ning beam that smiles the clouds a.....

.....way, and tints to morrow with pro...phe.....tic ray.....! and tints to

mor.row with pro.... phe..... tic ray.

Blest as the Muezzin's strain from Mec..ca's wall, To pil....grims pure and prostrate

Bound where thou wilt

Nathan

to his call; To pil..grims

ff

ff

pure and prostrate to his call Soft as the melody of youth.....ful

days, That steals the tremb.ling tear of speechless praise; soft as the

me..lody of youth....ful days that steals the trembling tear of speechless

Bound where thou wilt

Nathan

praise Dear as his native song to Ex.....iles ears, shall sound each

tone thy long lov'd voice en.....dears; shall sound each tone thy long lov'd

voice endears. For thee in those bright Isles is built a bow'r

bloom..ing as Aden in its ear..liest hour; Blooming as Aden in its

ear..... ..... liest hour.

Bound where thou wilt

WHEN THE MERRY DANCE PREVAILS,

Sung by

Miss F. Healy,

in the Grand Opera

THE SIEGE OF ROCHELLE,

Performed at the

Theatre Royal Drury Lane.

The Words by

Mr. FITZBALL,

THE MUSIC COMPOSED

By

M. W. BALFE.

Pat Sue Hall.

Price 2/

LONDON,

Published by CRAMER, ADDISON & BEALE, 201, Regent Street.

WHEN THE MERRY DANCE PREVAILS,

M. W. BALFE.

LARGHETTO

PIANO FORTE

Dolce

p

One lit-tle kiss from lips I love, in the quiet shade of our

p

lr

na-tive grove is dearer far, more dear to me, than all this

lr

pomp I see; than all this pomp I see. . . . . .

f

ALLEGRETTO

When the merry merry dance prevails, and twilight tells no

p

tales, no tales; when the merry merry dance prevails, and twilight tells no

tales; a lit-tle kiss, 'tis not a - miss, no no no no no no no

no no no no no 'tis not amiss, 'tis not a-miss, when the merry merry

dance prevails, and twilight tells no tales, no tales; when the merry merry

dance prevails, and twilight tells. . . . . no tales.

f *ff* *f*

LARGHETTO

Hath gilded splendour such rewards,

p

as the pleasure which humble love accords? one lowly heart one

heart sincere outvies out - vies each trea-sure here each treasure

ALLEGRETTO

here . . . . . when the merry merry dance prevails, and

twilight tells no tales, no tales; when the merry merry

dance prevails, and twilight tells no tales; a little kiss 'tis

not amiss; no no no no no no no no no no no no 'tis not amiss 'tis

not amiss when the merry merry dance prevails, and twilight tells no

tales no tales, when the merry merry dancè prevails, and

Gres:

twilight tells. . . . . no tales.

f *B* *f*

"MOTHER GIVE YOUR BOY A KISS,"

SUNG BY

Mr. Collins,

AT THE

Theatre Royal, Covent Garden,

in the Opera of

PAUL CLIFFORD,

THE POETRY BY

Edward Fitz Ball,

The Music by

C. H. RODWELL,

Composer & Director of the Music to the Theatre Royal Covent Garden.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

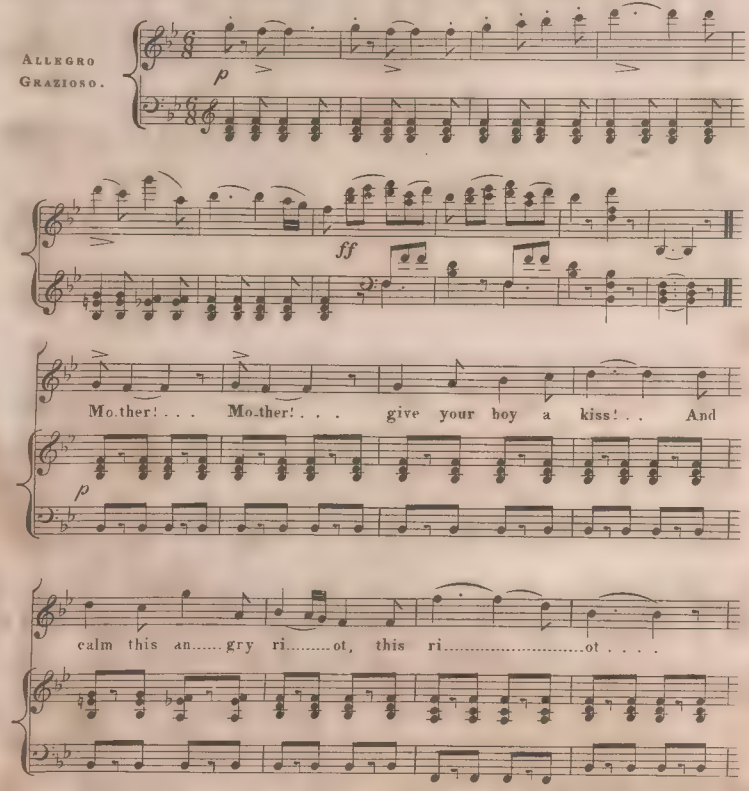
Pr. 2s/

LONDON,

D'ALMAINE & Co SOHO SQUARE.

MOTHER GIVE YOUR BOY A KISS.

Poetry by E. Fitz Ball. *Music by G. H. Rodwell.*



Dearest . . . Mother — Dear Mo...ther 'twould be bliss,

fp

I'm for peace and qui... ...et, I'm for peace and quiet, Like

f *p*

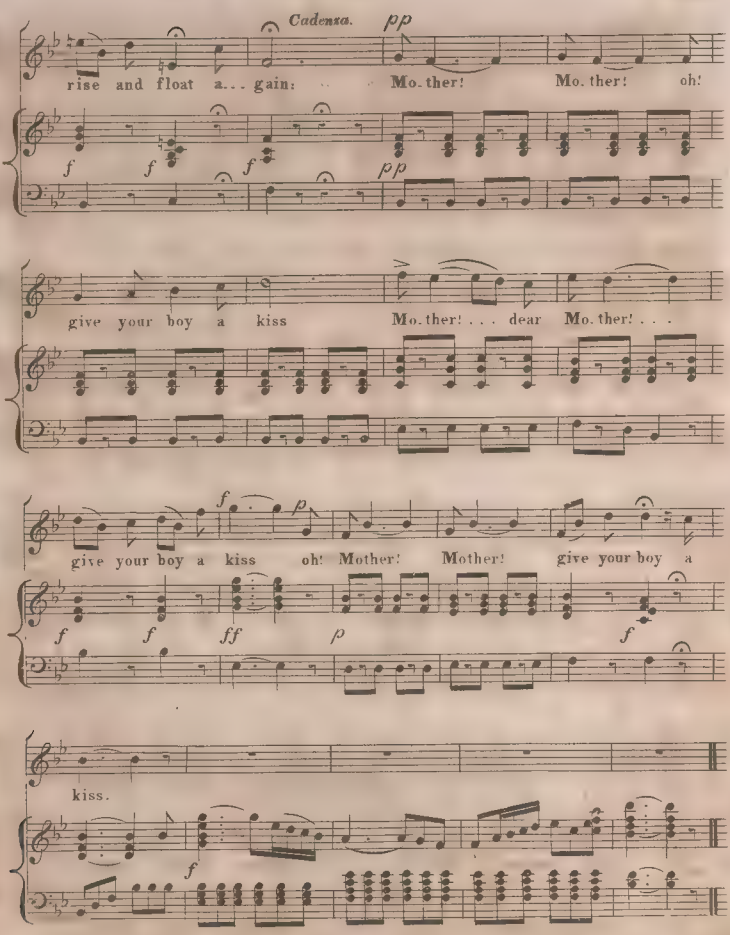
gossamer this heart, Mother, How-e'er you would res-train, When

f *f* *p*

an-gry storms blow o'er Mother, will rise, and float a-gain . . . . will

mf *p*

Mother give your boy a kiss



Mother give your boy a kiss.

Mother! Mother! I am young and gay— And cannot yield to

p

sor ... row, to sor..... row . . . . Mother! My spring of

life is in its May, Kill care un.til to.. mor... row, kill care un.til to..

fp *f*

..morrow, My heart is like this cork, Mother, If cast up.on the main, Tho'

p *f* *f* *p*

Mother give your boy a kiss

deep it sink a.. while Mother, 'Twill rise and float a.. gain . . . . 'Twill

mf *p*

Cadenza. *pp*

rise and float a.. gain: Mother! Mother! oh! give your boy a

f *f* *f* *pp*

f *p*

kiss, Mother! Dear Mother! give your boy a kiss . . oh!

f *f* *f*

Mother! . . . Mother! . . . give your boy a kiss.

pp *f* *f*

f

Mother give your boy a kiss

ERIN LOV'D ERIN,

A Ballad,

Written, Composed

and Sung by

Mrs. WAYLETT,

and Dedicated to the

IRISH NATION,

as a small token of HER

Fervent and Unfading

GRATITUDE.

Ent. Stat. Hall.

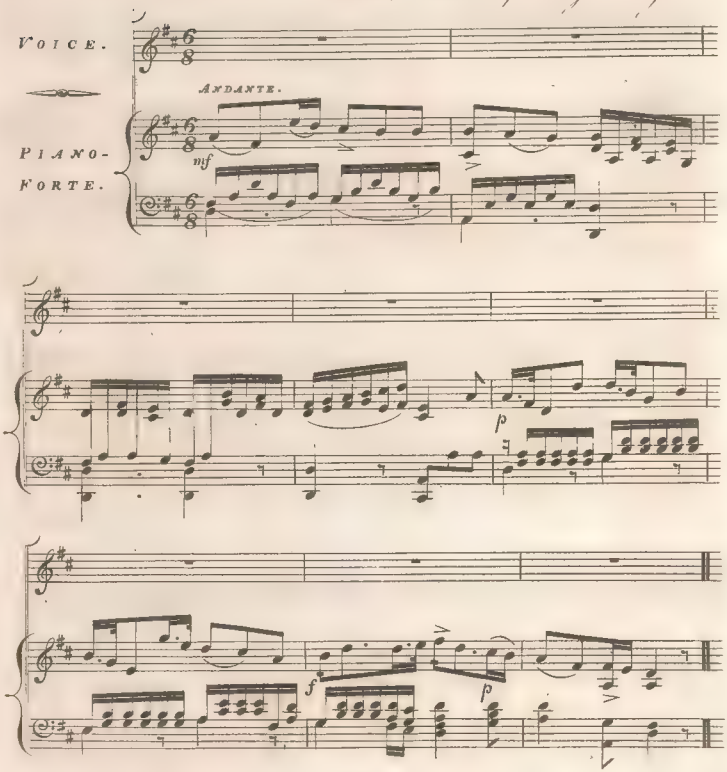
Pr. 2/6

London.

Printed & Published by Collard & Collard, *(late Clementi & Co.)*
26, Cheapside.

Erin Aroo! Erin!

Written & Composed by Mr. Waylett.



E---rin dear E---rin lov'd e-----merald Isle A

stranger to cold--ness a stran--ger to guile Thy

sons are the Brave thy daughters the true

E---rin lov'd E----rin my heart is with you.

E--rin dear E--rin lov'd e--merald Isle A stranger to coldness a

stran--ger to guile Thy sons are the Brave thy

ff

daugh--ters the true Lov'd E--rin dear E--rin my

heart is with you.

f *p*

2nd Verse.

A hand for the friend for the Foe--man a blow A

smile for the hap--py a tear for your woe May

Heaven pour down on thy valour girt shore It's

choic--est of bless---ings lov'd E----rin As--thore.

E--rin dear E--rin lov'd e--merald Isle A stranger to coldness a

stran--ger to guile Thy sons are the Brave thy

ff

daugh--ters the true Lov'd E---rin dear E---rin my

heart is with you.

f *p*

TOUJOURS GAI,

Sung by

Madame Vestris

at the Olympic Theatre, in the

FAVORITE FARCE

MY ELEVENTH DAY,

Written by

T. H. BAYLY ESQ.

Composed by

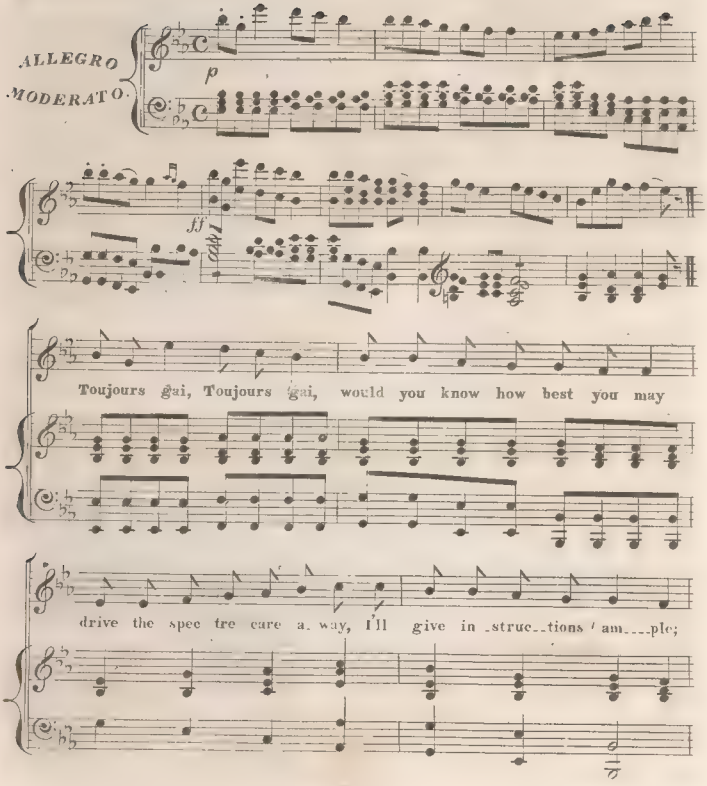
CHARLES E. HORN.

Price 2/

LONDON.

Published by Cramer Addison & Beale, 201, Regent Street.

TOUJOURS GAI.



Ne..ver let ill hu..mour stay To the close of a..ny day;

Al..ways meet a smile half way, And fol..low my ex..am..ple:

f

Toujours gai, Toujours gai, follow my example, Toujours gai, Toujours gai,

follow my example.

Ma--ny nou--rish dis--con--tent, Sit and mope, and there re--sent

In--ju--ries that ne'er were meant, And wor--ry all a--bout them:

Toujours gai, Toujours gai, never let ill humour stay, Toujours gai, Toujours gai,

follow my example.

f

While they grumble, scold, and fret, It seems to me they quite forget 'Twould

be more pleasant if they'd let the world go on without them, The

world go on with___out them: Toujours gai, Toujours gai,

Ne_ver let ill hu_mour stay; Al_ways meet a smile half way, And

follow my example: Toujours gai, Toujours gai, follow my example, Toujours,

f

Toujours, Toujours, Toujours, always follow, follow my ex-

-ample, Toujours, Toujours, Toujours gai!

f

ressing Fame and wealth too is far a_ _bove one smile of

thy fond, of thy fond ca_ _ressing Both fame and wealth too is far far a_

bove is far a_ _ _ _ bove . . . . is

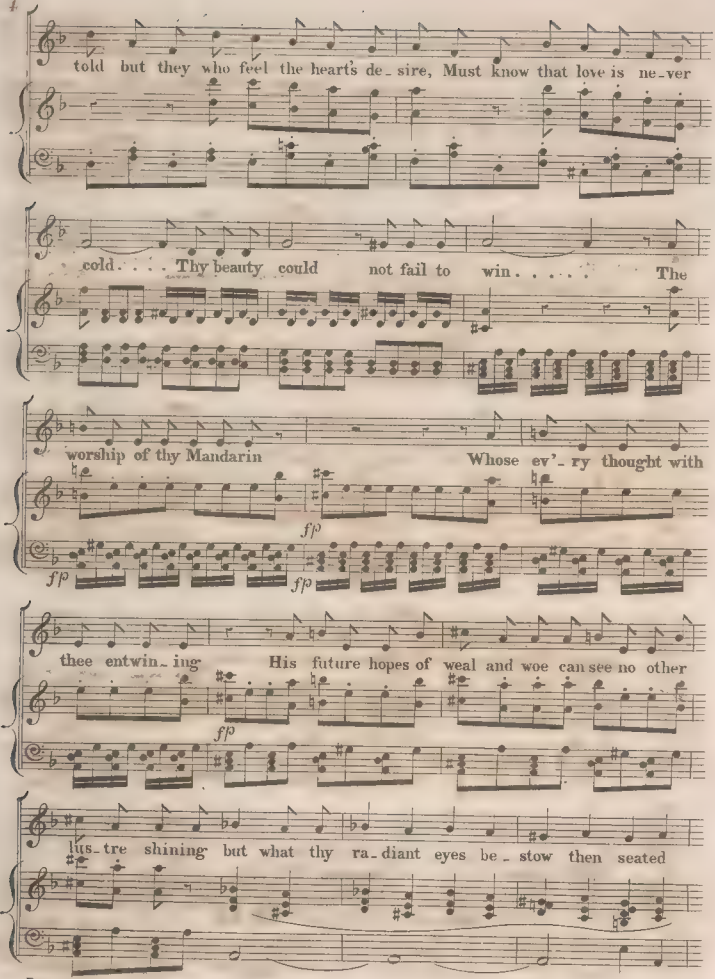
Cres.

far is far far a_bove

f *p*

That I have years and lack the fire of younger souls you will be

Beauty is the charm.



Beauty Is the charm.

in thy Pa-lan--quin Beau-ty is the charm in which love e-ver

found its choi-cest blessing and one smile of thy fond ca-ressing Fame and

wealth too is far a--bove One smile of thy fond of thy fond ca-

ressing Both fame and wealth too is far far a-bove is far a--

bove... is far is far far a-bove Those slaves are to at-

Beauty is the charm.

tend thy pleasure and guar- dians of their

fp *fp* *fp* *fp*

precious treasure Those slaves are to at- tend thy

fp

plea- sure and guardians of their pre- cious trea - - - -

Cres.

- sure have but . . . to do what e'er you would make them and

go . . . wher- e'er you'd make them and do and do what - -

f *f*

e'er you bid *8va*

Strike up from the great Pagoda Mu_sic which shall fill the air As we to the

loco

charming Coda Sing while it is dwelling there Strike up to the great Pagoda

8va

Music which shall fill the air As we to the charming Coda Sing while it is

singing there Those slaves are to at_tend thy plea_sure and

Cres.

Beauty is the charm.

guardians of their pre . cious trea . . . . sure have but . . . to

do what . e'er you would make them and go . . . wher . e'er you'd

make them and do and do what . . . e'er you bid *gva*

f *p*

gva

Strike up from the great Pa . go . da

Music which shall fill the air As we to the charming Coda Sing while it is

gva

Beauty is the charm.

FILL HIGH!

The Drinking Song,

Sung by

Mr. H. PHILLIPS,

in the GRAND OPERA *called*

HERMANN

or the

BROKEN SPEAR,

at the Theatre Royal,

English Opera House

Composed by

I. THOMSON,

of Edinburgh.

Ent. Stn. Hall. *Price 2/-*

LONDON,

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Where may be had,

the whole of the Music in the two Grand-Operas,

The MOUNTAIN SYLPH *and* NOURJAHAD.

W. Hawes.

"FILL HIGH!"

Composed by JOHN THOMSON.

ALLEGRETTO.

Fill high fill high fill

high! to o--ver--flowing fill the mea--sure, The grape the grape has

juice di--vine ..... di-vine. And deep we'll drink and

deep well drink of pleasure, Oh ma..gic pow'r has

f

wire. The grape the grape has juice di..vine

Oh!.... magic pow'r has wine..... Oh!

magic pow'r has wine. Oh!... magic pow'r has wine....Fill high, fill high, fill

f

f

high!

p *cres:* *f*

SECOND VERSE.

Who'd care who'd care who'd care for purple robes of state, I'd ra__ther their

p

pride their pride and pomp re__sign . . . . . To

feast up__on those purple charms we gather Fresh . . . . . .

fresh from the luscious vine. The grape the grape has juice di_ vine

f

Oh! .... magic pow'r has

f

wine..... Oh magic pow'r has wine. Oh!... magic pow'r has wine... Fill

f

high, fill high, fill high!

f *p* *cres:* *f*

THE STORMY PETREL,

Sung by

Mr. Phillips.

The Poetry by Barry Cornwall,

The Music

Composed and Dedicated to

J. B. CRAMER,

BY

The Chevalier Sigismond Neukomm.

Author of "Napoleon's Midnight Review,"
"The Tear Drop" "Wine" "Age" &c. &c.

Ent. at Sta. Hall. — Price 2/6

London,

Published by Cramer Addison & Beale 201 Regent Street.

THE STORMY PETREL.

Stormy Petrel is described as the smallest [illegible] and as [illegible] have been considered by [illegible]

The Poetry by
Barry Cornwall.

ALLEGRO MAESTOSO

f marcato

MODERATO ASSAI.

A thousand miles from Land are we, Tossing about on the roaring Sea;

p *f*

Tossing about on the roaring Sea; From

p

billow to bounding bil - lo[illegible] Like flo[illegible]y snow on the stormy bla[illegible]t. The

f

Sails are scatter'd a-broad, like weeds; The Sails are scatter'd a-broad, like weeds; The

strong masts shake, the strong masts shake like

quiv'ring reeds, like quiv'ring reeds, The masts shake like quiv'ring

reeds: The

mighty cables and i - - ron chains, The hull which all earthly strength disdains,

crescendo *f* *sf* *sf* *p* *crescendo* *sf* *sf*

They strain and they crack, they strain and they crack,

ff *ff*

They crack, they crack, they crack, they crack,

sf *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf*

and hearts like stone, and hearts like stone, Their natural,

ff *sf*

Wind Instruments. String Instr Wind Instrs String Instrs

hard, proud strength dis - - - own, Their natural, hard, proud

strength, their strength . . . . . dis-own.

Up and down! up and

down! From the base of the wave to the billow's crown, And a-midst the flash ing and

feathery foam, the stormy Petrel finds a home, a home, A

home, if such a place may be, for her who lives on the wide wide Sea,

On the craggy ice, in the frozen air, And on - ly

dolce

seek - eth her rock - - y lair, To warm... her young, to

cre - - scen - - do *f* *p*

warm, to warm her young, and to teach . . . them spring . . at once, at once o'er the

waves on their stor - - - my wing, . . . on their stor - - - my wing, And to

teach them spring o'er the waves . . . . on their stor - - - - - - - - - - - - - - my

wing.

O'er the deep! o'er the deep! Where the whale, and the shark, and the

sword - - - - fish sleep, Out - - flying the blast, and the driving rain,

The Petrel telleth her tale in vain, She telleth her tale in

vain, in vain, She telleth her tale in vain: For the Ma-riner curseth the

warning bird, That bringeth him news of the Stars unheard.

f

Ah! thus doth the Prophet of good, of good or ill, Meet

hate, meet hate from the creature he serveth, he serv - - eth still: Yet *he*

p

a piacère

ne'er falters, yet *he* ne'er fal - - - - - - - - - - ters. So,

f *ff*

Pe - trell spring once more o'er the waves, Spring once more on thy stormy wing;

p *f*

So, Pe - trell spring once more o'er the waves on thy

marcato *p*

stormy wing; So, Pe - - - trell spring once more, once more o'er the

p

waves on thy stor - - - - - - - my wing, on thy

f *p*

stor - - - - - my wing, So, Pe - trell spring once more, once

cres:

more on thy stor - my wing, on thy stor - - - - my

f

wing, on thy stor - - - - - - - - - - - - - my wing.

f *f*

f

Tenth Edition

THE SAILOR'S TEAR

Written & composed expressly for and sung by

MADAME VESTRIS

The Poetry from the Pen of

F. W. N. BAYLEY, ESQ

The Music by

SIDNEY WALLER.

Author of "Love from the Heart" "My Hearts true Blue" & "Oysters Sir"

Eat Sta Hall — *Price 2/-*

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19th EDITION.

The Sailor's Tear.

The Poetry by F. W. N. Bayley. *The Music by Sidney Waller.*

VOICE.

PIANO FORTE.

ANDANTE.

dolce

f

He leap'd in...to his Boat, As it

lay up...on the Strand But Oh! his heart was far a...way With

The Sailor's tear, is Arranged for the Guitar, as Sung by Miss Waller Wybrow Price 1/6

friends up...on the Land, He thought of those he lov'd the best, A

mf *p*

dolce *cres e accel?*

Wife an In..... fant dear,..... And feel.....ing fill'd the

cres e accel?

ad lib *p* *a tempo 1mo*

Sail.....lor's breast, The Sai.....lor's Eye a tear.

p

f *dim:* *p*

SECOND VERSE.

They stood up.....on the far off Cliff, And wav'd a kerchief

mf

white, And gaz'd up.....on his gal.....lant bark, 'Till

mf

she was out of sight: The Sai.....lor cast a

mf

dim

look be.....hind, No lon.....ger saw them near Then

dim

p

f *ad lib:* *p*

rais'd the Can....vas to his Eye, And wip'd a....way a

Tear *ff*

THIRD VERSE.

mf

Ere long o'er Ocean's blue expanse, His stur....dy Bark had

sped; The gal.....lant Sal.....lor from her Prow, Des...

f

cries a Sail a.....head ; And then he rais'd his

f

cres

might.....y Arm , For Bri.....tains Foes were near , Ay

cres

dim

then he rais'd his Arm , but not To wipe a.....way a

dim

Tear .

rf *rf* *dim*

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5 The Banners of Blue. The moon is up. & Remember me ..... Alberti ...	1	
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ALLEGRO

f

Trumpets

f

ff

Boatswain's Whistle.

8va

f

f

The Sea! the Sea! the o - - pen Sea! The blue, the fresh, the

f *f* *fp* *f*

e - ver free, the e - ver e - ver free!

f

Without a mark, without a bound, It runneth the earth's wide regions

fp *fp*

round; It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies, Or

f *fp*

like a cradled creature lies, Or like a cradled crea - ture lies.

f

f

I'm on the

f *f* *f* *f*

f

Sea! I'm on the Sea! I am where I would e - ver be; With the

f *p*

blue above, and the blue below, And silence whereso - - e'er I go. If a

p

Storm . . . . . should come, . . . and a- -wake . . . . . the deep, What

crescendo *for*

p

matter? what matter? I shall ride and sleep. What matter? what

f *f* *f*

matter? I shall ride and sleep.

ff *sf*

Boatswain's Whistle.

8va

loco

sf *sf* *ff*

I love, O *how* I love to ride . . . . to ride On the

f *f* *pr* *f* *pr*

p

fierce, foaming, burst - - - - ing tide:

f *ff*

When ev'ry mad wave drowns the moon, Or whistles a loft its tempest

ff *ff*

tune; And tells how go - eth the world below, And

f *p*

why the sou'-west blast doth blow, And why the sou'-west blast doth blow.

f

f

I never

sf *sf* *sf*

was on the dull tame shore, But I lov'd the great Sea more and more, And

p

backwards flew to her billowy breast, Like a bird that seeketh its mo- - ther's nest;

p

And a mo - - - - ther she was . . . . . and is . . . . . to me, For

cresc. *f* *p*

I . . . . . was born, . . . was born on the o' - - pen Sea! For I . . . . . was

f *f* *f*

born, . . was born on the o - pen Sea.

ff *sf*

Boatswain's Whistle.

8va *loco*

sf *sf* *ff*

The waves were white, and red the morn, In the noisy hour, in the

noi-sy hour when I, when I was born;

And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled, And the dolphins bared their backs of

gold; And ne - - ver was heard such an out - - - cry wild, As

welcom'd to life the O-ean child, As welcom'd to life the O- -cean child.

f

I have

sf *sf* *sf* *f*

lived since then in calm and strife, Full fif-ty summers a rover's life, With

p

wealth to spend, and a power to range, But ne-ver have sought or sighed for

p

change; And Death, ... when-e - - - -ver he come . . . . to me, Shall

cresc. *f* *p*

come, shall come on the wild unbounded Sea, And Death shall

f *f* *f* *f*

a piacere

come on the wild unbounded Sea.

colla parte *a tempo* *ff* *sf*

Boatswain's Whistle.

8va *loco*

sf *sf* *ff*

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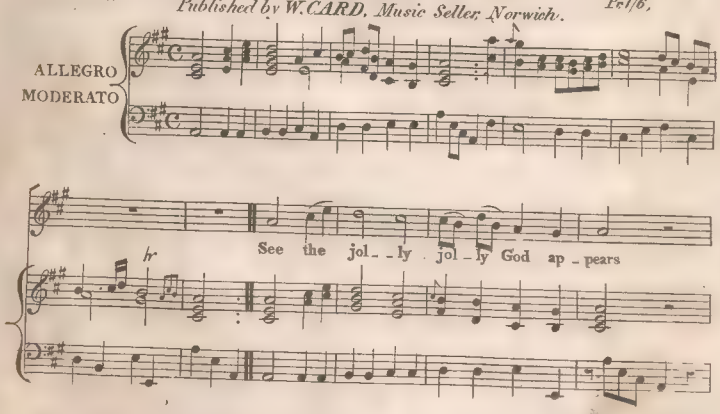
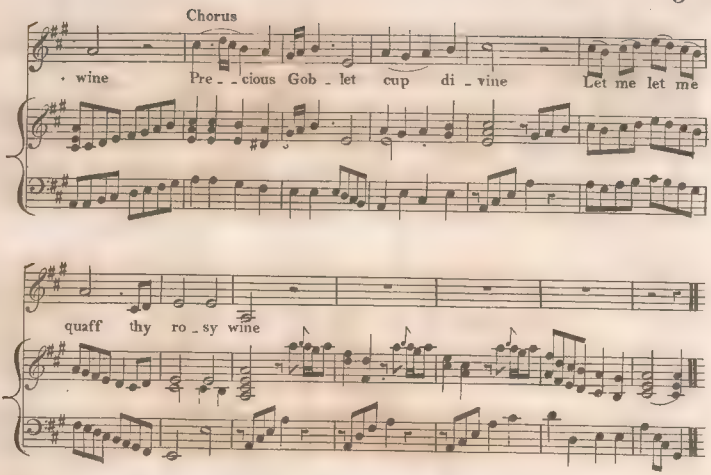


In his hand the bowl he rears

Quaf_fing let me drown my care And all thy no_ _ble

spi_rit share

Pre_cious Gob-let cup di_vine Let me let me quaff thy ro_ _sy



3

Let my hoary honours grow
Wrinkles trespas on my brow,
Let them come, prepar'd I stand
And grasp my goblet in my hand.
Precious Goblet &c.

3

Cupid in my youthful hour
Let me captive, of his pow'r,
Now, with branches from the vine
I guard me from his dart divine.
Precious Goblet &c.

4

Bacchus! jolly god appear!
None but choisest friends are here
Pierce thy oldest deepest cask,
And let us drain the frequent flask!
Precious Goblet &c.

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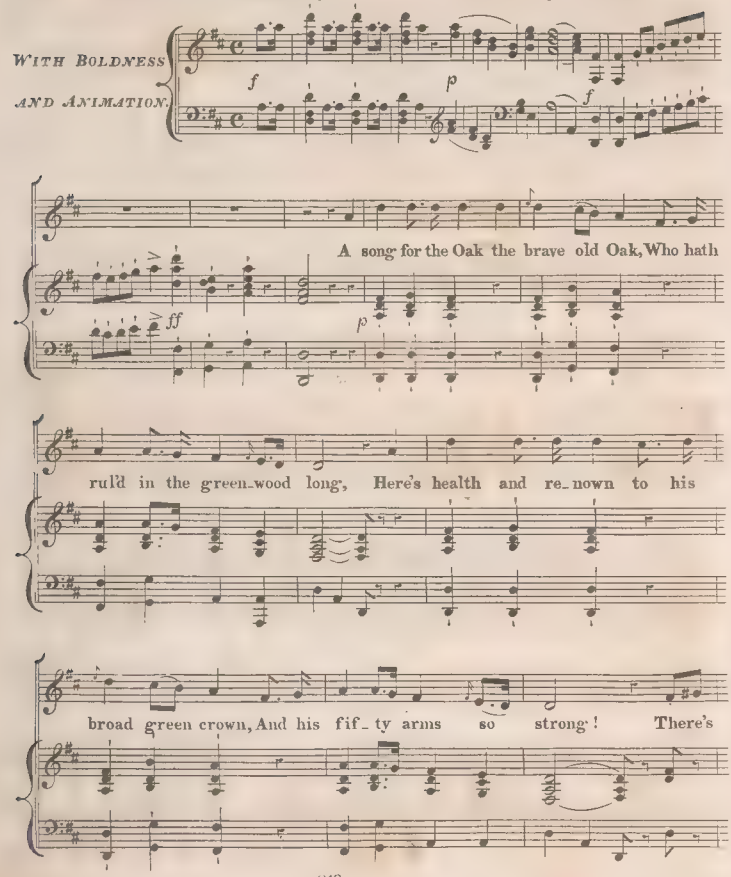


fear in his frown, When the Sun goes down, And the fire in the west fades

ad lib.

out, And he sheweth his might, On a wild midnight, When storms thro' his branches

f *ritard*

pp *a tempo.*

shout:. Then sing to the Oak the brave old Oak, Who stands in his pride a-

pp *a tempo.*

Cres. *f*

lone And still flourish he, A hale green tree; When a hundred years are

mf *f*

gone.

ff *p* *ff*

4

In the days of old, When the Spring with gold, Was light-ing his branches

p

grey, Through the grass at his feet, crept maid-ens sweet, To

gather the dew of May; And all that day to the

Più lento.

re-beck gay, They frolicked with love-some swains, They are

ad lib:

gone, they are dead, in the churchyard laid, But the tree He still re-

f

ritard.

pp

mains: Then sing to the Oak, The brave old Oak, Who

pp

a tempo.

stands in his pride a-lone, And still flourish he, a

f

hale green tree, When a hundred years are gone.

mf *f* *ff*

p *ff*

He saw the rare times, when the christmas chimes, were a merry sound to

p

hear, And the Squires wide hall, and the Cot_tage small, were

full of good English cheer; Now Gold hath the sway we

all o_bey, And a ruth_less king is he; But he

f

f

ad lib:

never shall send, our ancient friend To be tossed on the stormy

ritard.

pp

sea Then here's to the Oak, The brave old Oak, Who

f

pp *a tempo.*

stands in his pride a - lone, And still flourish he, A

hale green tree, When a hundred years are gone.

mf *f* *ff*

p *ff*

Lovely Melinella

Mrs. Jackson

p

Lu - ve - ly Mel - i - ni - la, I love you as - tray, Yours is for ever

p

Yet I can't I pray Mel - i - ni - la know why - I'd die, yes I do so

road Head is ad - dress in the Bri - gand a - broad.

over

Ah! Ze-lo-la hath too much to p[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

p

ear

She can not hear —

mf

ear

f

chrome si kill'd. Why should'st thou ever? Night is not

p

darker than thy ra-ven hair; thine black bright eyes, the

"Tu ava shown ou thou art the rakken the capkuo

cres.

ti ki dorku ti-kila kanida the jiur ouz

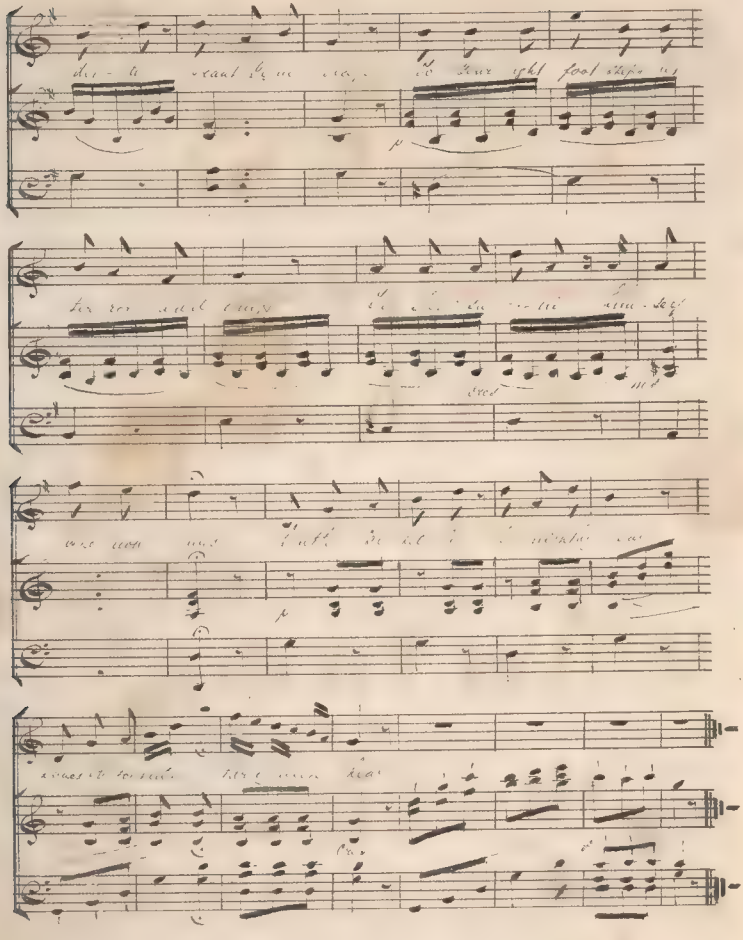
mf

ki-tor-nella ta. ru ave houz"

cres mf

cresc. f

cum-pla zi rella he-waiio! Ah he-waiio. Tost ia ru



All round my Hat

A new Comic Song as Sung by

Mr. W. H. Williams

Composed by

John Valentine

All round my hat

Composed by John Valentine

Allegro.

rf rf

Cres... ... ... cen ... do.

rf

All round my hat I wears a green vil-low All round my hat for a

twelvemonth and a day If a-ny one should ax't the reason wy I wears it

rit. and rall. tempo.

I'll tell thee that my true love is far far away I was a go-ing of my rounds in the

(Spoken:) Shed a nice Vegitable Countenance

streets I first did meet her O I thought she was a hungel jus't come down from Sky Turnup Nose Redish Cheeks And Carrotly Hair

never heard a voice more louder and more sweeter When they'd come buy my Primroses my

(Spoken.)

Primroses come buy Here's your fine Cauliflowers All round my hat I wears a green vil - lour

All round my hat for a twelvemonth and a day If anyone should ax the reason why I wears it

rilardo

I tell them that my true love is far, far away

2nd

Oh my Love she vos fair and my Love she vos kind (Spoken) Here's your precious Turnips For And cru-el vos the cru-el judge vot had my Love to try

their-ing vos a thing what the ne-ver vos in-clined to But he (Spoke.) Here's your Heard hurtful cabbages. All round &c

sent my Love a-crofs the seas far a way

3rd VERSE.

For Seven long years my love and I are parted For Sir a pernicious long time love & does any trade (today) Seven long years my love is bound to stay

luck to that chap what wid e-ver be false hart-ed Oh I'll Here's your nice heads of Sabury love my Love for e-ver tho' she's far, far a-way All round &c.

4th VERSE

There's no gine young men is so pre-iously de-ceit's fut A Here's your Walnuts crackers and big ass a Stilton Chunchmeat! As

cowering off the young Cals they wish to lead & stray

soon as they de-ceive em so cru-el-ly they leave em And they

Do you want any hungers?

ne-ver sighs nor sorrows when they fear far a way to day marry All round &c

5th VERSE.

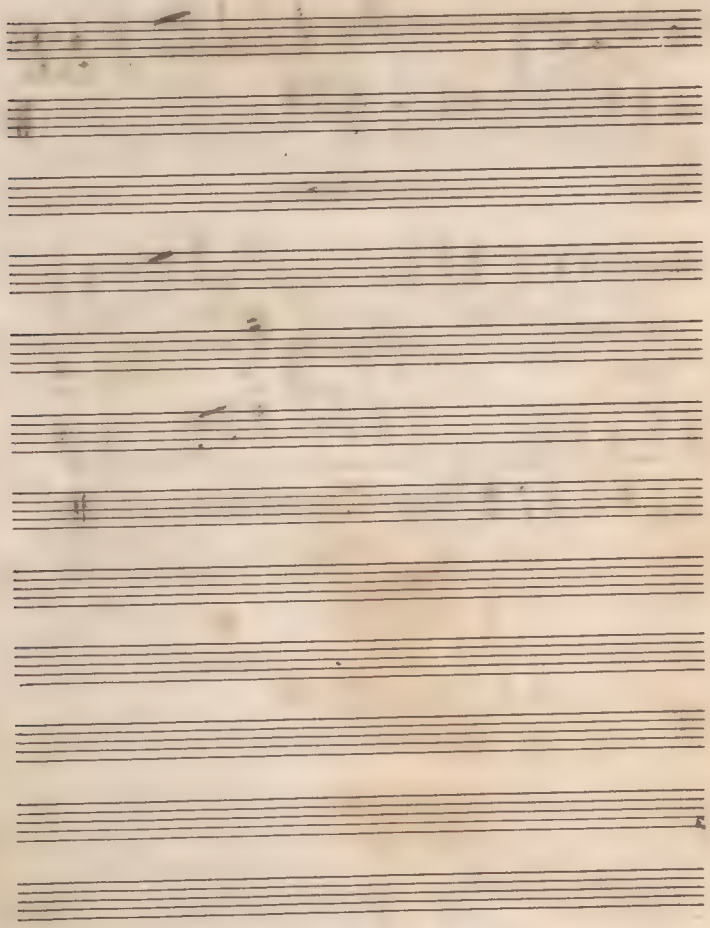
Oh I bought my Love a ring on the wenny day she started which I

gave her a a to-ken all to re-mayn-ley me ~~Bless her heyes~~ And

when she does come back Oh we'll ne-ver more be par-ed But we'll

Here's your fine Spunny Peach-tishes

marry and be happy Oh for e-ver and and a day All round &c



Fly to the Desert

Andante

mf

Fly to the desert fly with me, Our Arab tents overrude for thee; But

in the cities what art can doubt o' tents with love

and with love, tents with love or Heaven without!

solo e, ma

Our rocks are rough and smiling shore. Th'a-

mezzo di

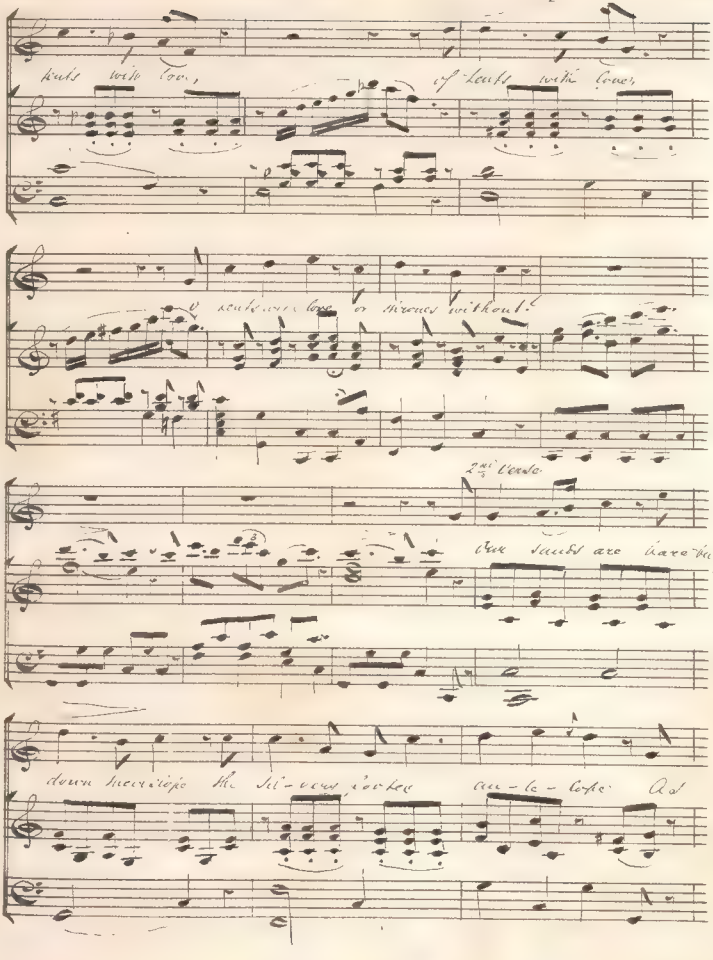
a tempo

dy-ing waves for shelter seek, and by love sweet ser-ve-ts the

mezzo di

lover-nor in a val-de-ness, He p'e to the desert pa-th alone, Bu-

ra-ral Arts are rude pa hae: But oh! In spite what heart can doubt of


kids with love,
of lands with love,
O work with love or shrouds without!
2ni Verso
Oak stumps are harrowed
down in rivieje the sil-vous iorkes au-le-corte: And

Grace-fully, and gai-ly springs o'er the marble

Courts of kings in o'er the man-sion courts of kings

Then come the ir rab maus with the the

Moderato a tempo

lark and the a-ca-cia tree, the an-te-lope whose feet shall bless with

Moderato

their light sandals in the waves. Then fly to the desert, fly with me over

Arab tents are made of skins; But oh! the enchanted heart can build of

tents with love, If tents with love

tents with love in the waves without!

Take Heed Whisper Low

Barcarole in Masaniello

Allegretto

f

p

f

We hold how low brightly breaks the morning, ing!

tr p tr p

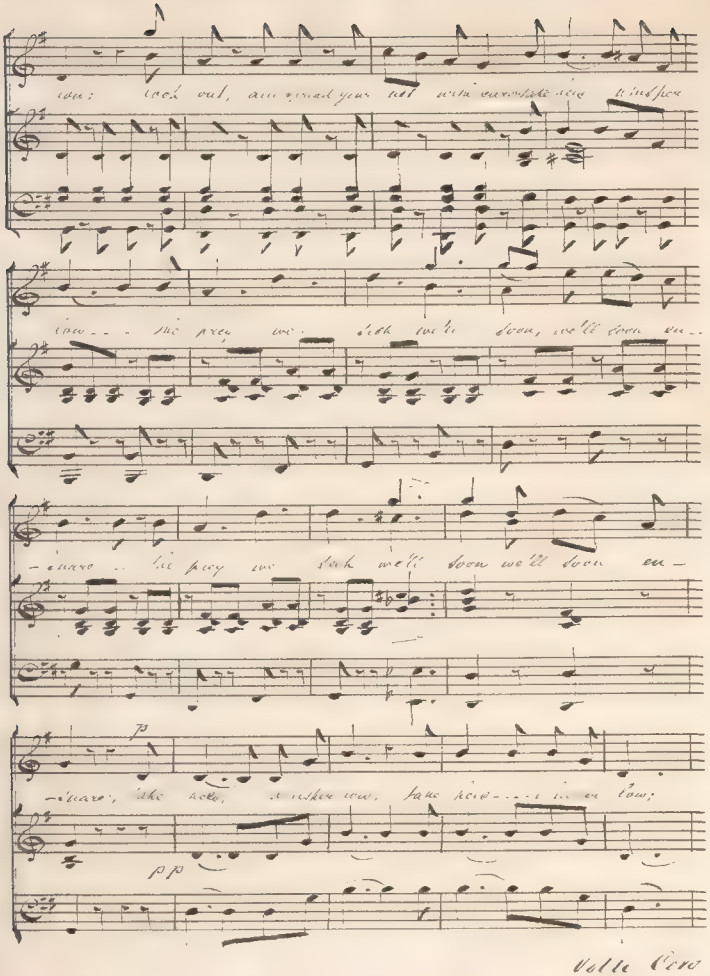
Black our sit - - our hearts are warring, so toil - in-

tr p tr p

-ure, all day on scorning We'll hail the breeze - - - - - - , or

tr f

brave the storm, set off, hoist up, our course we know, take heed, windpow


low; look out, and spread your net with overstrike new whispers
low - - - the prey we - - look we'll down, we'll down en-
-snare - - the prey we look we'll down we'll down en-
p
-snare; like roses, [illegible] rose - - - - - in an bow;
pp

Valle Oro

f.

Cut off, cut off our courts we know, take care whispers

p

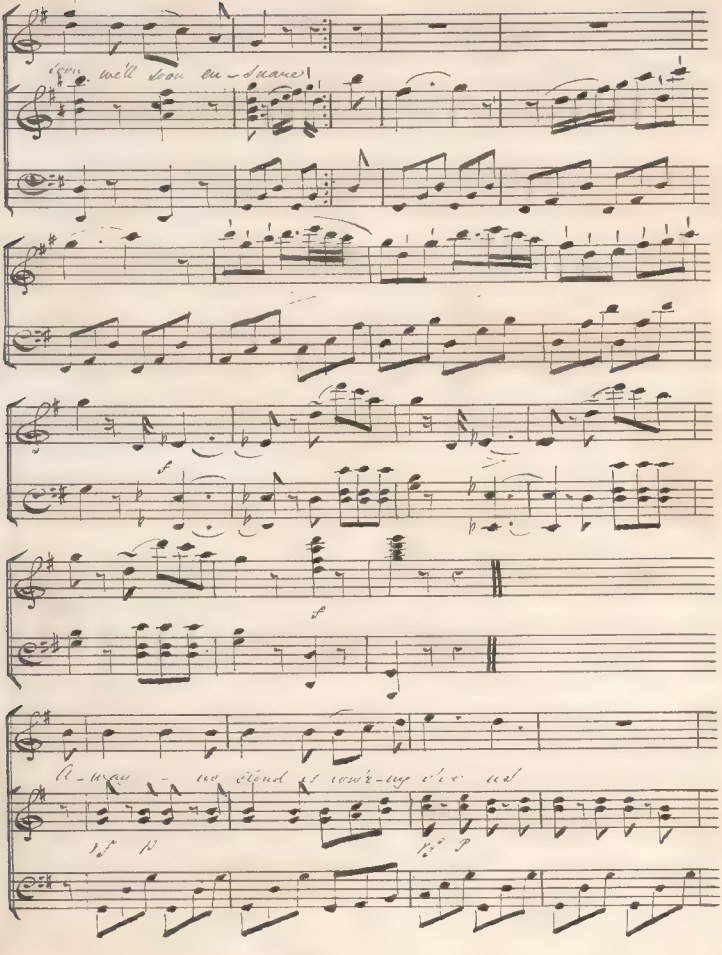
low look out, and spread your net with care, take

pp

care whisper low: the foes we seek we'll

soon we'll soon en-snare the foes we seek we'll

f


Come, we'll soon en-dure
f
ff
A-way - no cloud of sow'-ing vex us!
pp
pp

Seven now - will then be enough; still avoid all

f *p*

sinful strife, till hope end, Hope's heaven shines. - Be

cheer the brave Pot off, put off, our canvas we know; take heed Whilst fe

low; Look out, and spread your net with care, take heed, to fish

Pow. The way we seek well soon we'll stroke an-

swer in prose we seek well I you well soon en-

Swave, take heed whispers low take heed I pray thee,

pp

D C at end Page 4

MOLLY CAREW,

A

CHARACTERISTIC

National Ballad,

BY

SAMUEL LOVER Esq.

Author of Under the Rose, Beauty & Time, The Fountain, & the Flower, The Child & the Gossamer, & the Duetto Soft on the ear falls the Serenade &c.

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7, THE NEW MOON		2.
8,		
9,		
10,		

Written and Arranged by S. Lover Esq.

WITH EXPRESSION & SPIRIT, BUT NOT TOO QUICK.

PIANO-FORTE.

Ral? tr

Och, hone! oh, what will I do? Sure my love is all crost, Like a

ad lib:

bud in the frost; And there's no use at all in my going to bed, For 'tis dhrames, and not

con Espress adlib:

sleep that comes into my head; And 'tis all about you, My sweet Molly Carew, And in-

colla voce

ad lib.

deed, 'tis a sin and a shame; You're com - pla - ter than Na - ture, In

Espres: *ad lib.*

ev - e - ry feature, The snow can't compare, With your forehead so fair, And I

ra - ther would see just one blink of your eye, Than the pur - ti - est star that shines

out of the sky, And, by this and by that, For the matther o' that, You're more

distant, by far, than that same, Och, hone! wie . . . ra . . sthru, Och,

Espress.

hone! I'm a_lone, I'm a_lone; in this world without you.

Och, hone!_ But

why should I speak Of your forehead and eyes, When your nose it de_fies Paddy

Blake, the schoolmasther to put it in rhyme, Tho' there's one, Burke, he says, who would

call it *snub*-lime. And then for your cheek, Throth 'twould take him a week Its

beauties to tell, as he'd rather: Then your lips!— oh, machree, In their

ad lib:

beautiful glow, They a pat-thern might be For the cherries to grow. 'Twas an

apple that tempted our Mother, we know, For ap-ples were *scarce*, I sup-

ad lib:

pose, long a-go. But, at this time o' day, Pon my conscience I'll say, Such

colla voce *colla voce.*

ritard.

cherries might tempt a man's father. Och, hone! wie-ra-sthru! Och,

hone! I'm a-lone, I'm a-lone, in this world with-out you.

lr

MOLLY CAREW.

I.

Och, hone!—oh, what will I do!
Sure my love is all crost,
Like a bud in the frost;
And there's no use at all in my going to bed,
For 'tis dhrames, and not sleep that comes into my head;
And 'tis all about you,
My sweet Molly Carew,
And, indeed, 'tis a sin and a shame,
You're complater than Nature,
In every feature,
The snow can't compare
With your forehead so fair,
And I rather would see just one blink of your eye
Than the purtiest star that shines out of the sky,
And, by this and by that,
For the matther o'that
You're more distant, by far, than that same,
Och, hone! wierasthru,
I'm alone, in this world without you.

II.

Och, hone!—But why should I speak
Of your forehead and eyes,
When your nose it defies
Paddy Blake, the schoolmasther, to put it in rhyme,
Tho' there's one, Burke, he says, who would call it *snub-*
And than for your cheek, [lime.
Throth 'twould take him a week
It's beauties to tell, as he'd rather—
Then your lips!—oh, machree,
In their beautiful glow,
They a patthern might be
For the cherries to grow!
'Twas an apple that tempted our Mother, we know,
For apples were *scarce*, I suppose, long ago.
But, at this time o' day,
Pon my conscience I'll say,
Such cherries might tempt a man's father.
Och, hone! wierasthru!
I'm alone in this world without you.

III.

Och, hone!—By the man in the moon,
You teaze me all ways,
That a woman can plaze;
For you dance twice as high with that thief, Pat Magee,
As when you take share of a jig, dear, with me;
Tho' the piper I bate,
For fear the owld chate
Wouldn't play you your favorite tune.
And when you're at mass,
My devotion you crass,
For, 'tis thinking of you,
I am, Molly Carew!
While you wear, on purpose, a bonnet so deep,
That I can't, at your sweet pretty face get a peep;
Oh! lave off that bonnet,
Or else I'll lave on it
The loss of my wandering sowl.
Och, hone! wierasthru,
Och, hone! like an owl,
Day is night, dear, to me, without you!

IV.

Och, hone! don't provoke me to do it,
For there's girls by the score
That loves me—and more,
And you'd look very quare if some morning you'd meet
My wedding all marching in pride down the street,
Throth you'd open your eyes,
And you'd die of surprise,
To think 'twas n't you was come to it,
And, faith, Katty Naile,
And her cow, I go bail,
Would jump if I'd say,
"Katty Naile, name the day."
And tho' you're fair and fresh as the blossoms in May,
And tho' she's short and dark like a cowld winther's day,
Yet, if you don't repent
Before Easter, when Lent
Is over, I'll marry for spite.
Och, hone!—weirasthru!
And when I die for you,
My ghost will haunt you ev'ry night.

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7	Where, where is the Rover	Ditto	1 6
8	Her name I've banished	H Lee	1 6
9	Sweetly Blooms the opening Rose	Ditto	1 6
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31	My Heart is still with Thee	Ditto	1 6

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6	Deh' calma, oh ciel	1 6
7	Amo te solo	1 6
8	Deh' vieni alla fenestra	1 6
9	Vedrai carino	1 6
10	Nel cor più non mi sento	1 6
11	Con quell ochietto mio bell tesoro	1 6
12	Buona notte amato bene	1 6
13	Oahe sono mi amiche	1 6
14	Non giova il sospirar	1 6
15	Stanco di pascolar le pecurelle	1 6
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18	Amore ah sorgerai	1 6
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6	A voyager passant sa vie	1 6
7	La sentinelle	1 6
8	Je pars demain	1 6
9	Vous me quittez	1 6
10	Le petit taubour	1 6
11	Je ne sais plus ce que je veux	1 6
12	Depuis longtems gentille Annette	1 6
13	Ce que je désire	1 6
14	Rose d'amour	1 6
15	Le vaillant troubadour	1 6
16	La Suissesse au bord du lac	1 6
17	Dans un délire extrême	1 6
18	Portrait charmant	1 6
19	Dormez, donc mes chères amours	1 6
20	La marseillaise	1 6
21	Amis, la matinée est belle	1 6
22	Celui qui sut toucher mon cœur	1 6
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"Wid my Sprig of Shillalah I'll crack your ould noddle,
To be wak'd from such Dreaming's the Devil I say"

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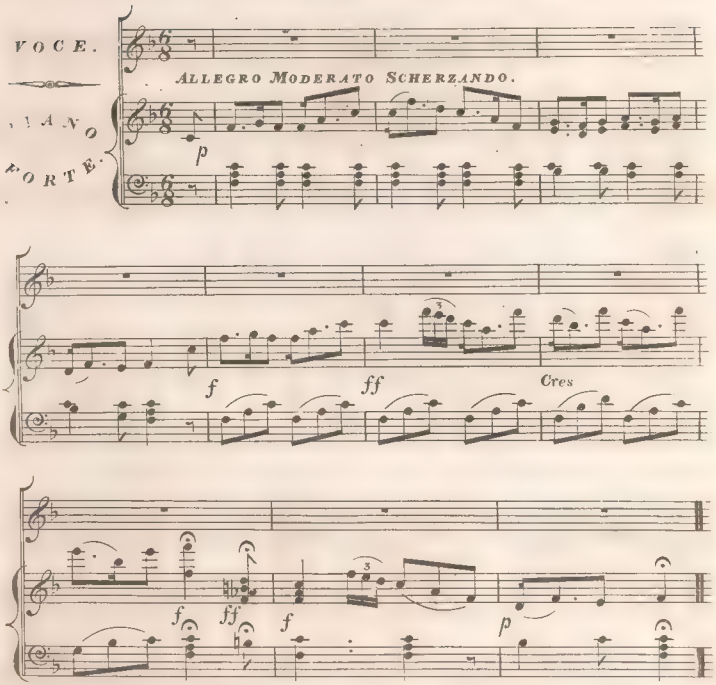

In Lon_don one night a_bout three in the morning. In my

bed wide a_wake fast a_sleep in a doze In a

p *f* *p*

loud fit of yawn_ing I fell to a laugh_ing for

Cres

love and good liv_ing dis_turb'd my re_pose

f

Paddy's Dream.

Rallentando Espressivo.

Thinks I to my - - self I'll just sleep a bit lon - ger A -

Cres *f*

Tempo Primo.

long to en - joy this beau - ti - ful scene With eyes - wide o - pen I

Cres *f*

slept un - til morning When I found it all nothing but on - ly a Dream.

f *p*

(*SPOKEN*) Och such a Vision, there was I up to my elbows in elligant Pastry, up to my eyes in liquor, and over my ears in love whispering soft nonsense to Molly ashtore and Singing

(*CHORUS*)

Fal lah lue ful lah lue whack fal de rid - dle Sing

f *ff* *p*

Paddy's Dream.

ful lah lue fal lah lue whack ful de ray With my

sprig of She - la - lah I'll sing to your fid - dle To a

small drop of Whis - key I'll ne - ver say nay.

2

I dream'd while at home a courting sweet Molly
I was eating minced Pies in a Pastry Cook's shop
And with love and good liquor was getting so jolly
Had you seen me I'm sure you'd have long'd for a drop
Such dishes I'd swear never grew in Kilkenny
Or before touch'd the lips of poor Paudeen Mc Phane
Arrah, troth, could I dream the same night, noon and morning
I'd never go back to Kilkenny again.

(*Spoken.*) Och such a dream, its only delusion, says Molly it was elligant eating and drinking says I, only let me dream such delusions always waking and sleeping and I'll Sing

(*Chorus.*) Fu ru lu Philalloo, whack foll de riddle
Sing Wirishtrew, Hubaboo, whack fall de ray,
With my bit of Shellalah, I'll dance to the Fiddle
To a drop of good Whiskey I'd never say nay.

3

Next night to my bed I went soon in the morning
In hopes such another sweet dream to obtain
When zounds you'll believe me I dramed that ould Whackem
Was bringing me back to Kilkenny again
So I laid me stock still, both trembling and shaking
My hair stiff as Pitch forks, stuck out from my head
'Till the day light appearing, I bid him good morning
And swore he'd ne'er catch me afore I was dead.

(*Spoken.*) The first wink of day brought back my courage, so I bawls giving a flourish of the Alpeen only make yourself invisible to my eyes now and see how soon I'll measure you for a new wig, ah faith I'll lend you such a

(*Chorus.*) Philalloo, Wirishtrew, whack foll de raddle
Hubaboo, Clare-aboo, now fire away
Wid my sprig of Shellalah I'll crack your ould noddle
To be waked from such *dreaming's* the *devil* I say.

Paddy's Dream.

IT'S ALL TO ASTONISH THE BROWNS.

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How we shall astonish the Browns!!"

"preparations were made for a feast
And all to astonish the Browns!"

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The Caggs must of course do the same"

"They were forced to run off from the Street
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IT'S ALL TO ASTONISH THE BROWNS.

J. BEULER.*

VOICE

PIANO FORTE

p f

There livd and may be living still, In

p f f

one of the streets of the town, A re. .specta...ble man, who was call'd By the

neighbourhood "Gen tleman Brown" Very of..ten grand parties he gave At

* Author of the popular Song — "Tea in the Arbour" with spirited illustration by GEORGE CRUICKSHANK.

which in champagne you might drown; Nay, he cut such a dash all the street Was.

jea..lous of Gen..tle..man Brown. Jo...ke...ry, jeer.... ing, quiz. To the

sto..ry: I'm tell..ing Oh list, How hap py we mortals might be If

jea... lou sy did not ex ... ist.

f

p

ff

The Caggs, who resided next door,
Were ever in sneers and in frowns,
And bursting with spleen, when they saw
Such fine goings on at the Browns.
One night Mrs C. said to Caggs—
"Some husbands are sich stingy clowns,
Or they would give dinners and balls,
And show off as well as the Browns!"
Jokery, jeering, quiz!
In the course of your life find you may
That a man has no power, when his wife
Is determined to have her own way:

"Consider my income!" said Caggs—
"Don't talk in that way Mr. C!
I warrant I'd make it suffice,
If you would but leave it to me;
Last Monday I saw well enough,
When the tradesmen were going their roun's,
Although they had money from us,
I'm sure they got none from the Browns!"
Jokery, jeering, quiz!
It's one of the greatest of ills
When tradesmen will send in their bills
And nothing else but their bills!

Caggs submitted to his better half
Or rather two thirds I should say,
And she soon sent her orders about
Determined to make a display.
Her daughters were full of delight—
On Sunday they sported new gowns,
And exclaimed, as they went to church,
"How we shall astonish the Browns!"
Jokery, jeering, quiz!
What pleasures arise in the breast,
When we, as we walk through the streets,
Are conscious of being well drest!

Preparations were made for a feast:
Tinted cards, highly glazed and embost,
Invited the neighbours, who came,
And many in wonder were lost.
Champagne, claret, ices, milk punch,
And cakes ornamented with crowns,
Soups, jellies, and scented pastilles,
And all to astonish the Browns!
Jokery, jeering, quiz!
Most people are fond of a feast,
And they love those who give 'em the most,
More than those folks who give 'em the least!

One party soon drew on another,
And then to continue the game,
As the Browns were a-going to the races,
The Caggs must of course, do the same.
"Lauk! how surprised they will be—
When they see us appear on the downs.
We will go in a carriage and four,
And we shall so astonish the Browns!"
Jokery, jeering, quiz!
The neighbours said—"Caggs is clever,
But as sure as eggs be but eggs,
Sich things wont continue for ever."

Whatever was done by the Bs.
The Cs. tried to do more than equal;
But as they had not the same means,
They fail'd as you'll see by the sequel.
They were forced to run off from the street.
For fortune look'd on 'em with frowns;
And what was more galling than all—
It did not astonish the Browns!
Jokery, jeering, quiz!
Many folks in this worlds ups and downs,
Very often astonish themselves,
When they try to astonish the Browns!

---

* My tale I'll conclude with a proverb
In which there's a great deal of sense—
"Your pounds may be left to themselves
If you will take care of your pence."
In this you'll discover my moral,
A moral worth mitres and crowns—
If you would save silver and gold,
You must always beware of the Browns.
Jokery, jeering, quiz!
Be cautious in great London town,
Or in trying to do, you'll get done,
And not only done, but done brown!

* *Generally omitted.*

JIM CROW!

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Piano Forte Accomp.t
Arranged by S. Gödbe.

PIANO FORTE.

I come from ole Kentucky, A long time ago, Where I first larn to wheel about And jump Jim Crow. Wheel a-bout, and turn a-bout, and do jis so, Ebry time I wheel about, I jump Jim Crow.

SECOND VERSE.

I used to take him Fiddle eb-ry morn and ar-ter-noon, And

p *mf* *p*

charm de ole Buz-zard and dance to de Racoon.

Wheel a--bout and turn a--bout and do jis so.

p

Ebry time I wheel about, I jump Jim Crow.

p *f* *f* *sf*

3

I wip my weight in Wild-cats
I eat an Alligator
And tear up more Ground
Dan kiver fifty load of 'Tater
Wheel about, &c.

4

I sit upon a Hornet's nest
I dance upon my head
I tie a Wiper round my neck
And den I goes to bed
Wheel about, &c.

5

I am for Freedom
An' for Union altogether
Aldough I'm a Black Man
De White is call'd my Broder
Wheel about, &c.

6

I'm for Union to a Gal
An' dis is a stubborn fact
But if I marry an' don't like it
I'll nullify de Act
Wheel about, &c.

7

I'm tired of being a Single Man,
An' I'm 'tarmined to get a Wife,
For what I tink de happiest,
Is de sweet Married-life.
Wheel about, &c.

8

It's berry common 'mong de White,
To Marry and get Divorced,
But dat I'll nebber do,
Unless I'm really forced.
Wheel about, &c.

9

Now my Broder Niggars,
I do not tink it right,
Dat you should laugh at dem
Who happen to be white.
Wheel about, &c.

10

I'm so glad dat I'm a Niggar,
An' don't you wish you was too,
For den you'd gain popularity,
By jumping Jim Crow.
Wheel about, &c.

Jim Crow.

JIM CROW'S TRIP to GREENWICH.

It was de oder Sunday mornin,
I put on my dandy Coat
An' went down to Greenwich
On board of de Steam-boat.
Wheel about, &c.

2

We hab folks of ebry nation
All languages dey peak
From de Yankee, Swiss, Garman
Down to ancient Dutch Greek.
Wheel about, &c.

3

One Gemman ax de Captain
Fore de fastenings were clare
How much furder is it, Captain,
Now, before we will be there.
Wheel about, &c.

4

Dare was a Frenchman told de Captain
He want git out on de Railroad
Kase he really was afeard the Boat
Would tumble overboard.
Wheel about, &c.

5

But a berry cunning Chap on board
Know'd ebry ting it seem,
Undertook to tell a Lady
How de Ingine move by Steam.
Wheel about, &c.

6

He says; first you see dis ere ting,
What's going up and down;
Well, den you see dem Cart-wheel
Turning round and round.
Wheel about, &c.

7

Well, den you see dem oder tings,
Look like a pair ob Tongs,
Dey hits against dese oder tings,
An' shoves de Boat along.
Wheel about, &c.

8

An' when dey want to steer de Boat,
An' bring her round in time,
Dare's a ting looks like a Cellar-door,
Swinging on behind.
Wheel about, &c.

"The Flag that brav'd a thousand years The Battle and the breeze."

Andante

ff tromb. ff tutti

poco allargando, con grandezza

f

Sta

ff p Sta

f

ff

Tutti

The glorious Flag of Old Eng-land, of Ballad Song the Land, Oh

mf

Tutti

ne — ver may a Be seen de Ush — on the British Coast! The

cres

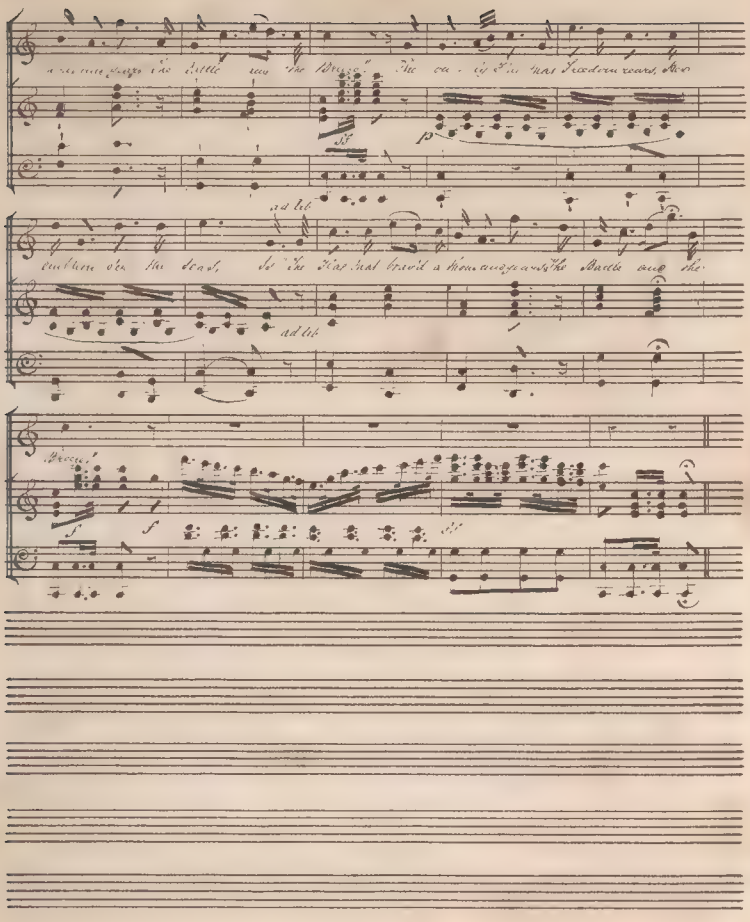
Tromb.

rit. and

on — ly flag that Freedom regardes emblem over the Land, is the flag that bears a

rit. and

11


38
p
ad lib.
ad lib.
Bravo!
f
f

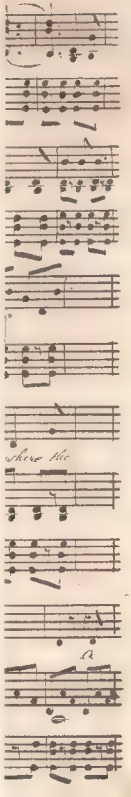
Away Away to the Mountain brow.

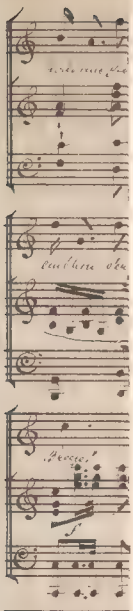
The flaunting flag of Liberty Of Gallia's sons the boast
Ye never may a Brother see upon the British coast
The only Flag that freedom reared Her emblem o'er the dead
Ye the "Flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze"
The only Flag that Freedom reared Her Emblem o'er the dead
Ye the "Flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze"

Ye are the champion rebels of mine is break a proud chain
The foremost in the Battle's van it never floats in vain
The mariner where e'er he steers in every clime he sees
The "Flag that Braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze"

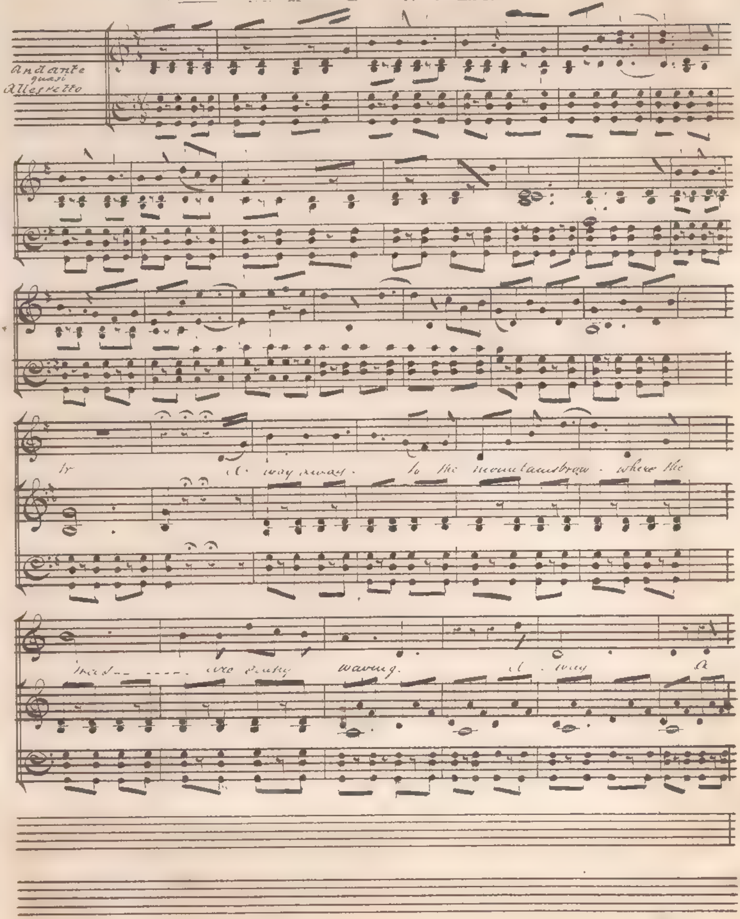
The mariner where e'er he steers in every clime he sees
The "Flag that Braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze"

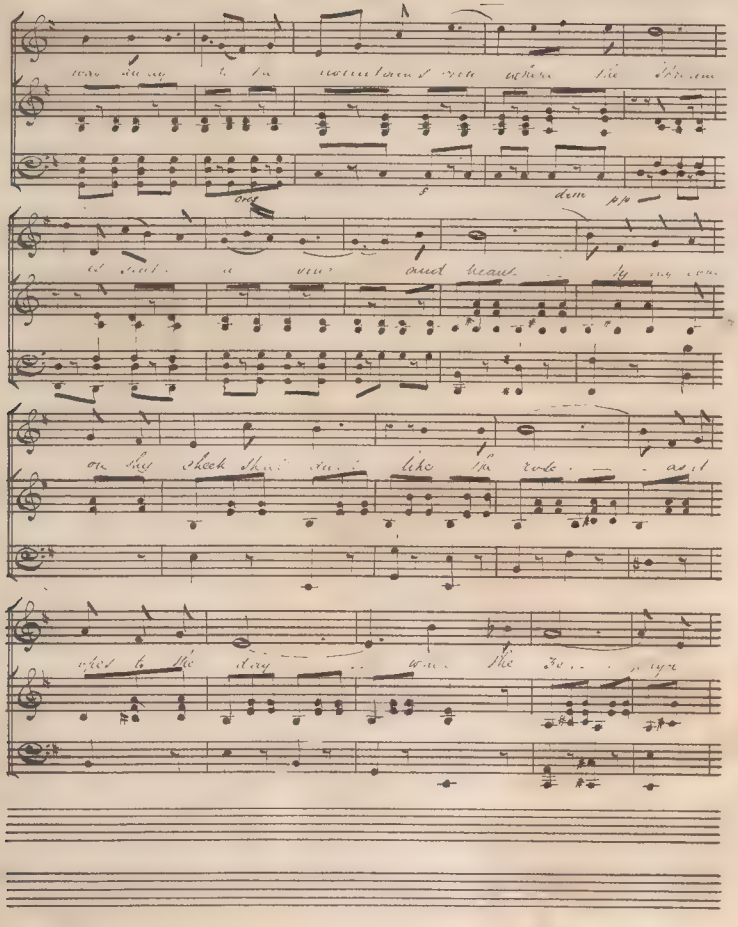
If all unite as once we die to keep her flag unfurl'd
We Pilgrims still may look and see Defiance to the world
Infant will pour the welcome tears of rapture's hands shower sage
The "Flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze"
But fast will pour the welcome tears of rapture's hands shower sage
The "Flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze"




Perseo!
f

Away Away to the Mountain brow




was away to the mountains where the stream
ow
s
dem
pp
it fell a vain and heavy by my com
on this cheek that was like the rose as it
fled to the day was the ro
pyre

that breathed thro' the flow'rs dell. shakes in sparkling

dew - drops away, away . . . . a - way away .. to the

pp

mountains brow . where the breeze - - - - are yearly

waving a - way - - - - - - - . . . a - way away - - to the

Oes

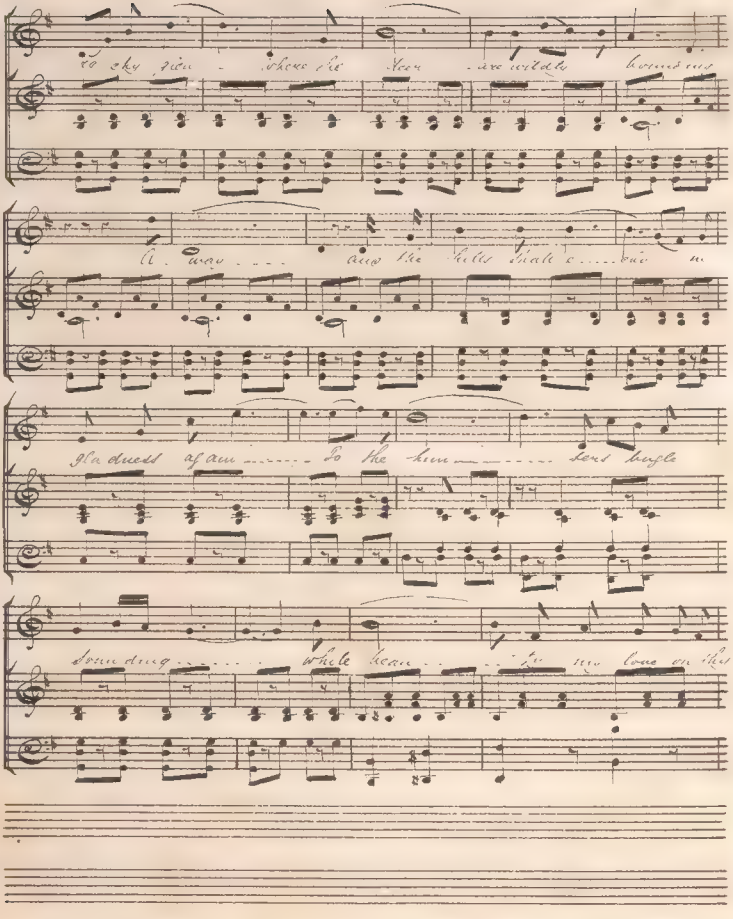
mountain's brow where the stream ..... is gently

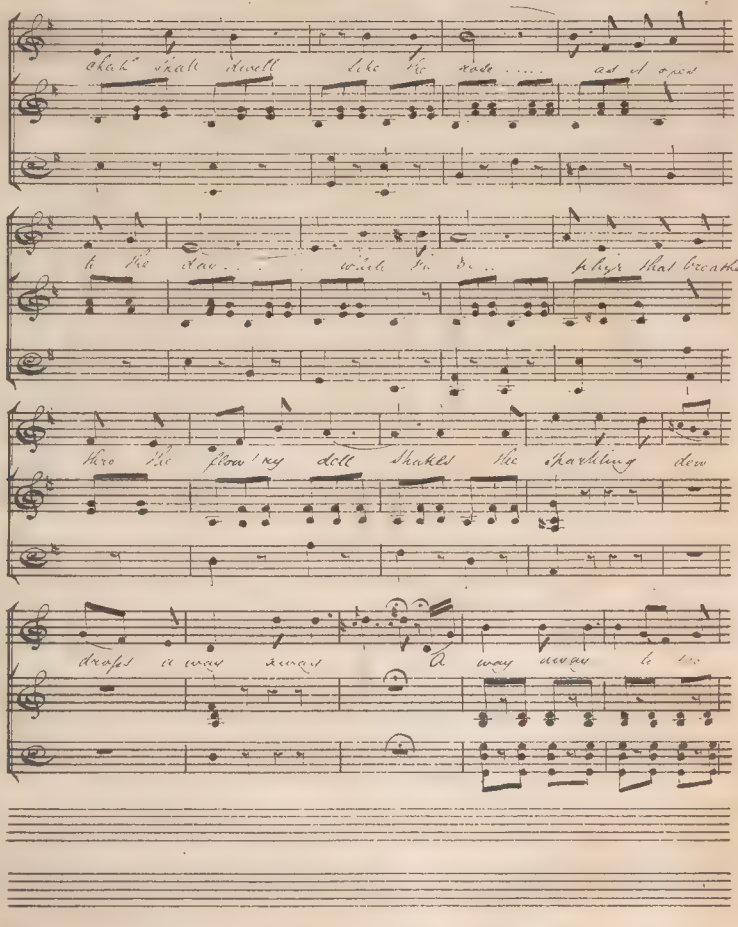
f dim pp

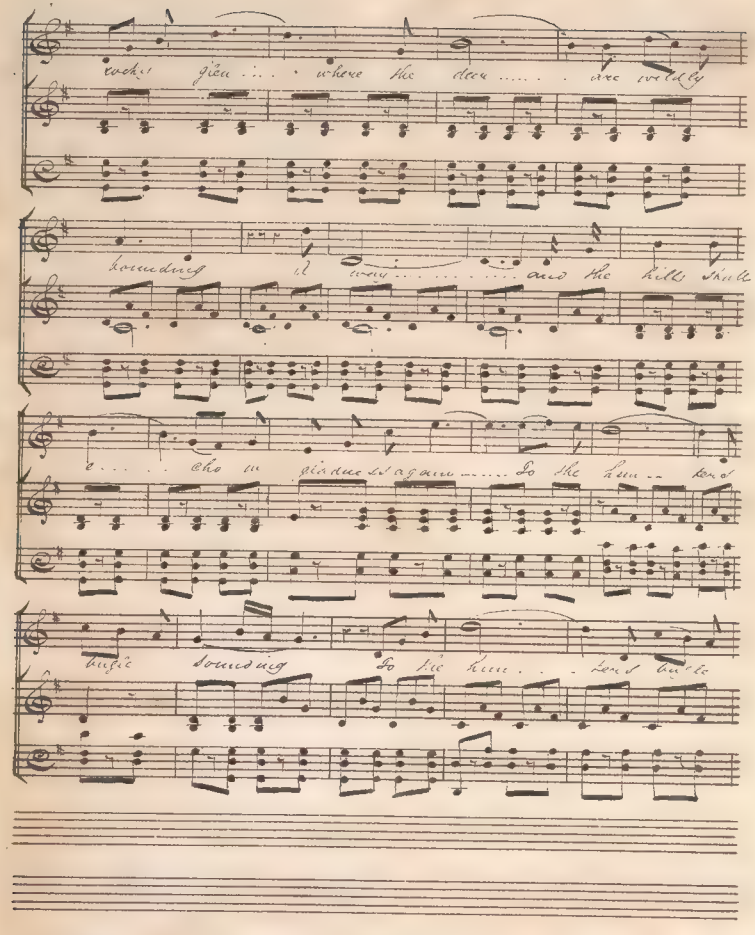
la vung where the stream .. is gently la vung

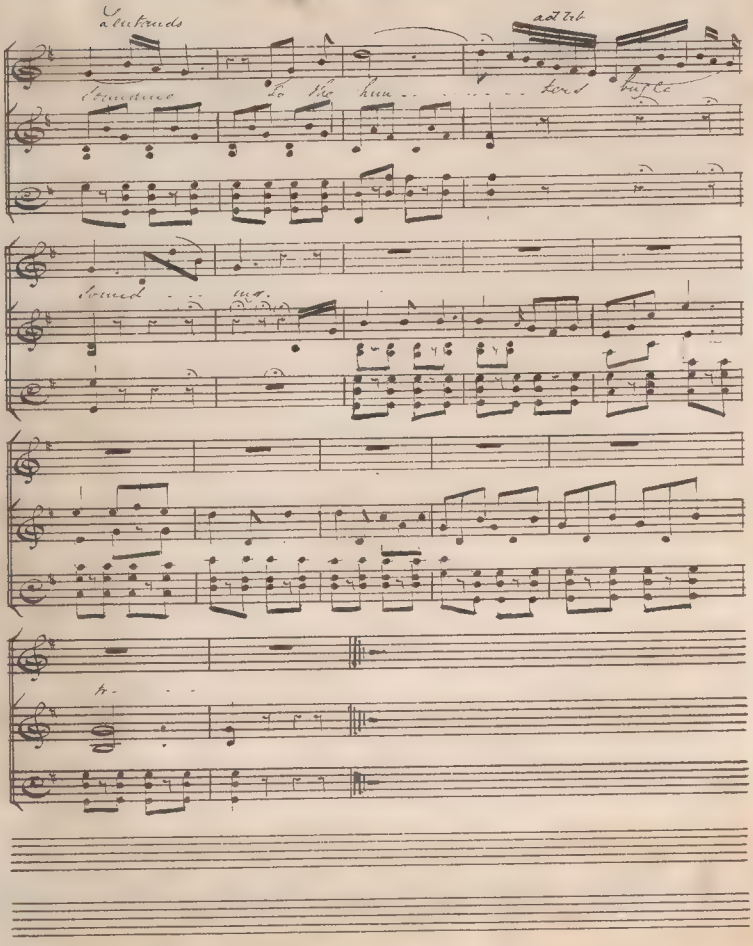
where the stream. is . . gent la la.. vung

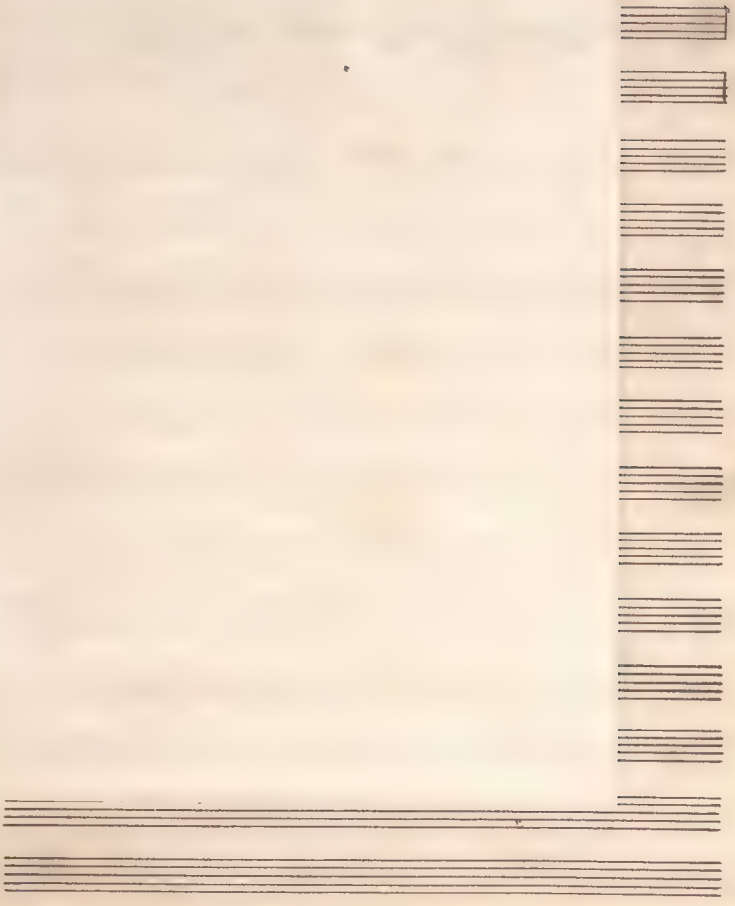
A way away . . to the

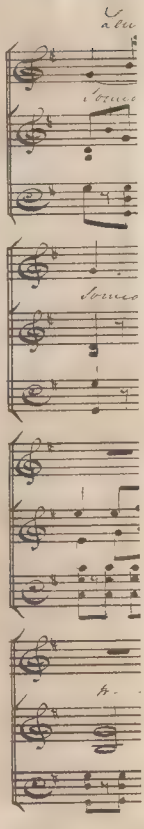

To sky, pier - where the Moon - see wilds bounds
A - way - - - and the hills shake - - - but in
Gladness of am - - - - - So the hum - - - - - Lens hyple
Sound drug - - - - - while heav - - - - - ly in my Love on the


Chah shall dwell like the rose ..... and a open
to the day ..... while in the ..... phyr that breathes
Here the flow'ry bell shakes the sparkling dew
drops a way sings a way down to the


wek! glen . . . . where the deer . . . . . are wolfly
sounding it was . . . . . and the hills shall
echo in glorious again . . . . . So the hun . . . tsmen
bugle sounding So the hun . . . tsmen hurle


Slentando
ad lib
sounding to the hun........ters bugle
sound... ing.
tr...





It comes on the heart like an echo blest -

[illegible]

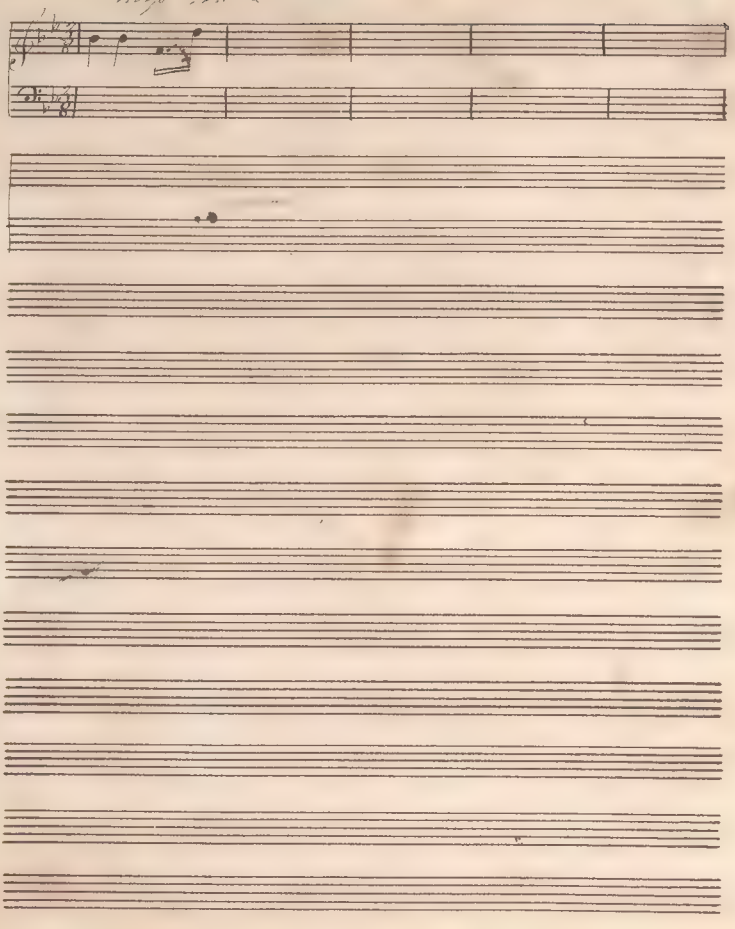
[illegible] bosom to the thronging [illegible]

[illegible] childhood [illegible]

[illegible] light to the mariners [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]



The Song

Song by

Mr. Phillips

The Poetry by

Barry Cornwall

The Music

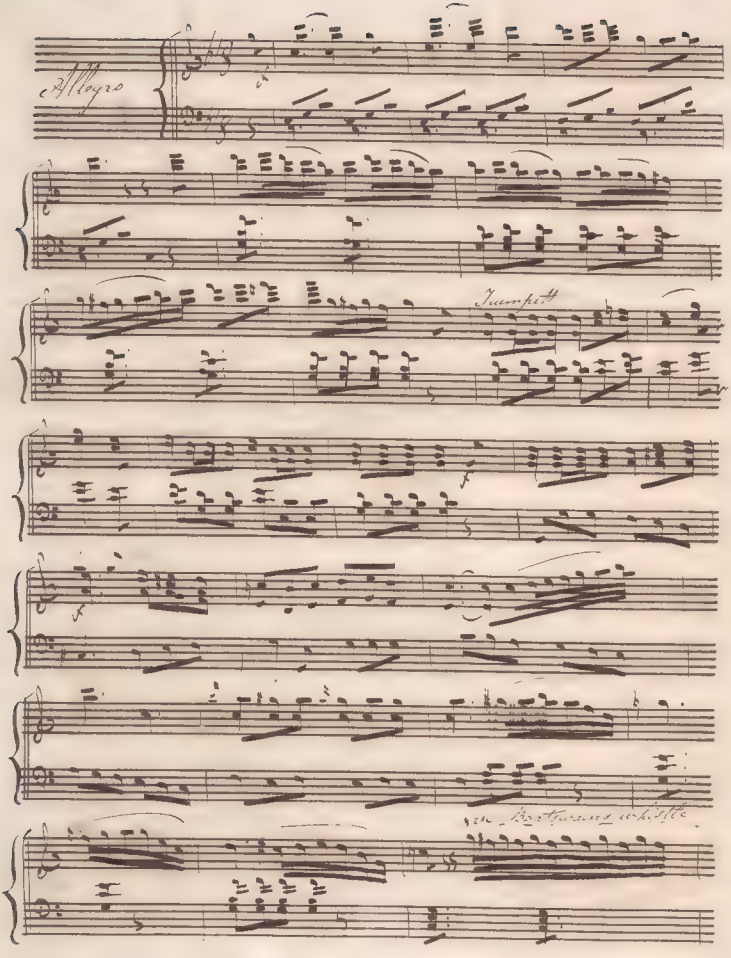
Composed & Dedicated to his

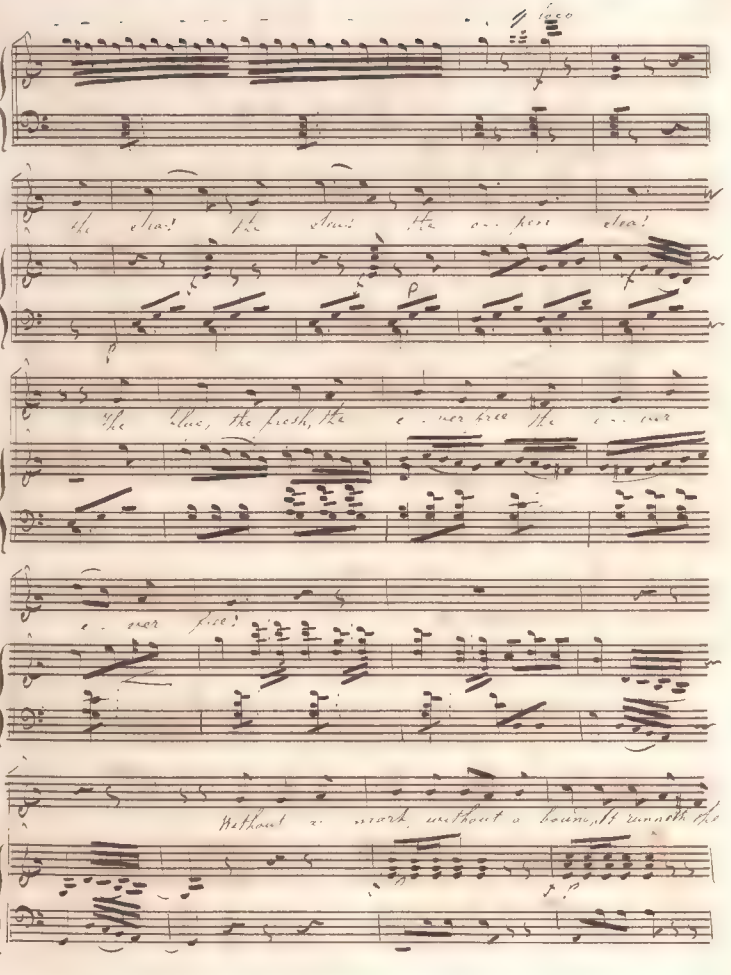
Friend Capt. Gostling, R.N.

Sold by J. Ellard

Music Seller

Sydney


Allegro
Trumpett
f
f
the Beethovens whistle


loco
the sea! the sea! the o - pen sea!
the blue, the fresh, the e - ver free the e - ver
e - ver free!
Without a mark, without a bound, It runneth the

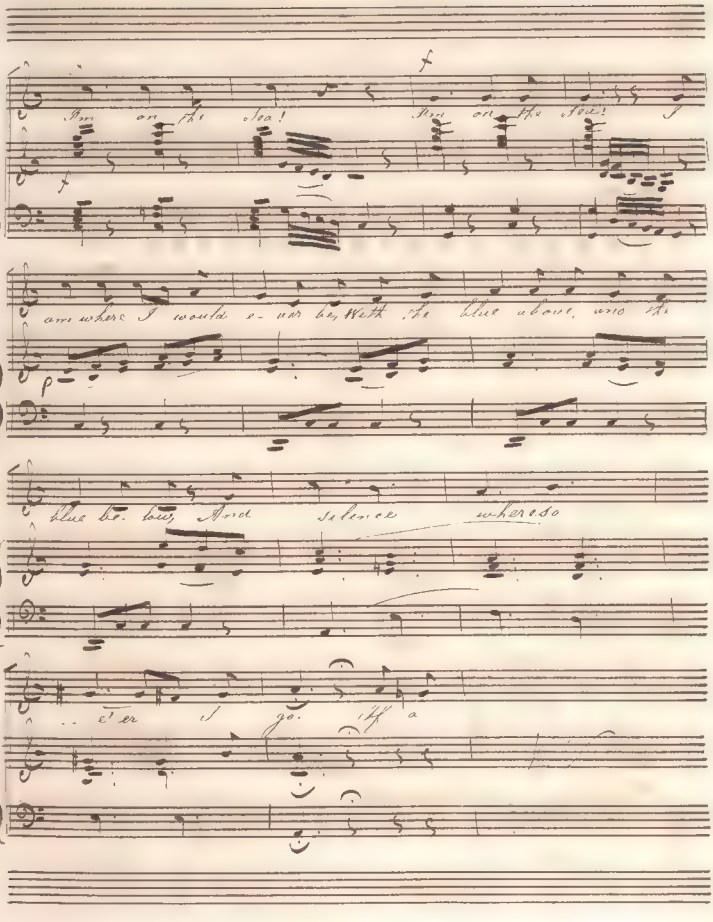
earth's wide regions roaming. It plays with the

clouds, it mocks the skies, Or like a

cradled creature lies Or like a cradled crea- ture

lies.

1. f

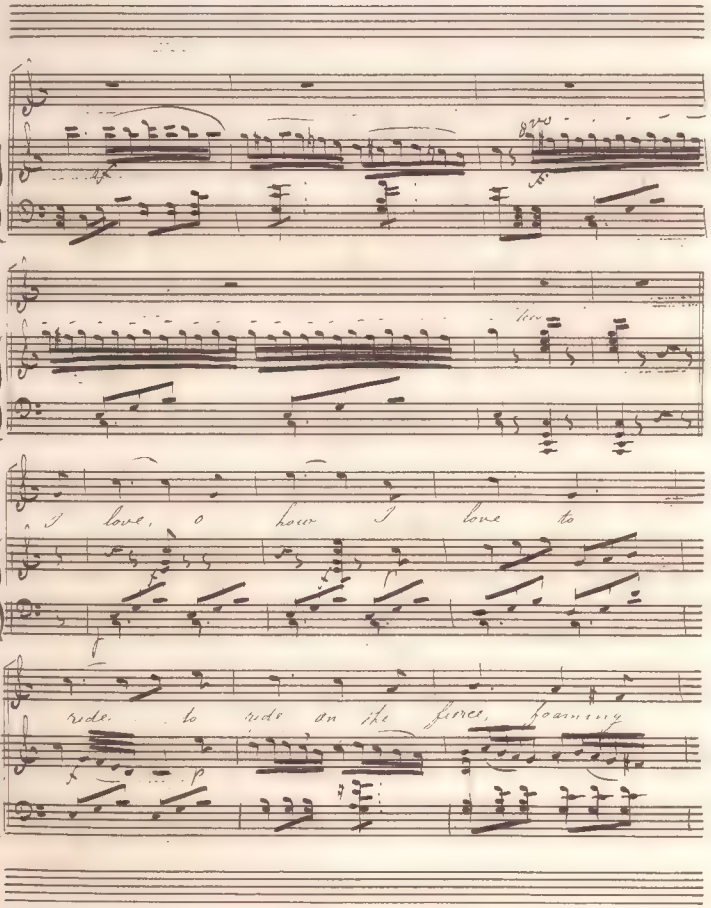

f
Nor on the Sea! Nor on the Sea! I
f
am where I would e-ver be, With the blue above, and the
p
blue be-low, And silence wherever
go. iff a

Storm should roar, and wake the deep,

What matter? what matter? I shall ride and

sleep What matter what matter?

I shall ride, and sleep.


8va
I love, o how I love to
ride to ride on the floods, foaming

burst ing tide;

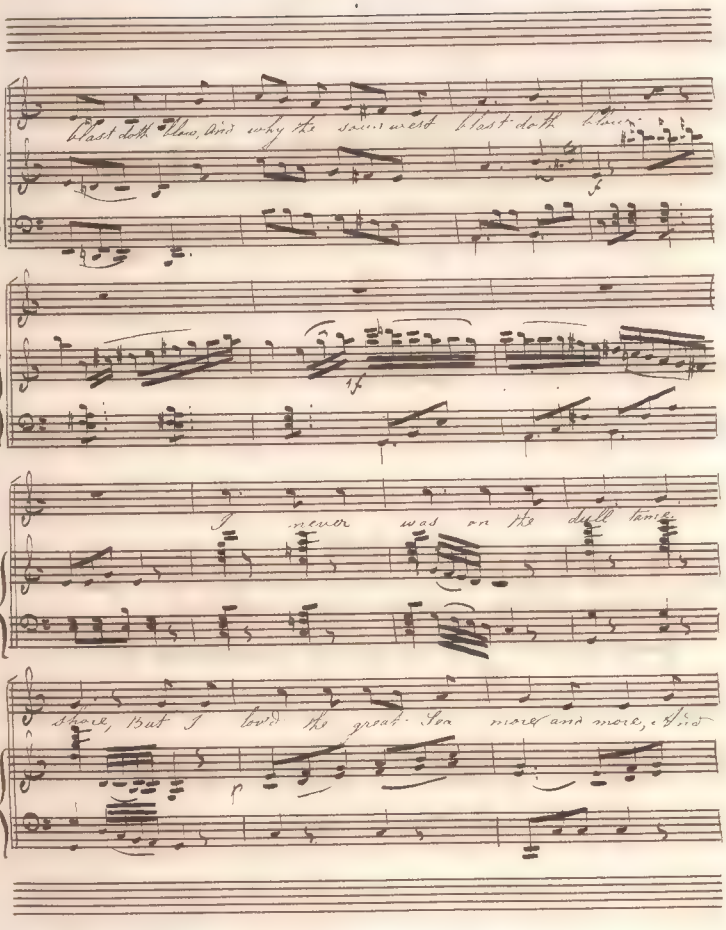
When ev'ry mad wave drowns the moon Or whistles a-

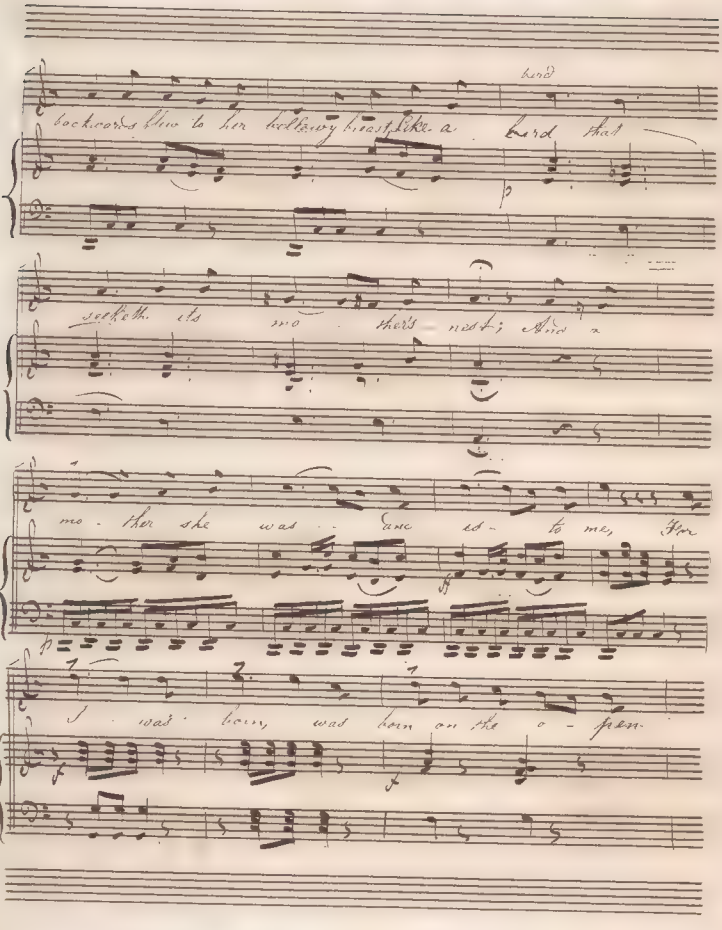
fap fap

lof its tempest tune, And tells how

p

go eth the world be - low, And why the sou'-west


Blast doth blow, and why the sou'west blast doth blow
f
If
I never was on the dull tame
shore, But I love the great Sea more and more, and
p

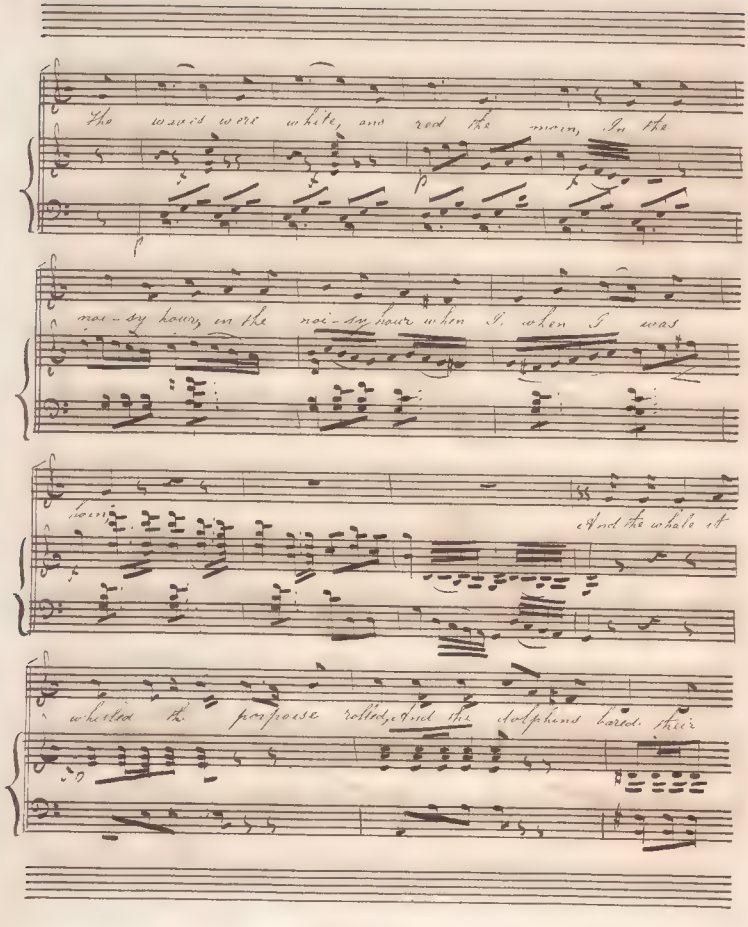

backwards flew to her hollow boat, like a bird that
seeketh its mo - ther's nest; And a
mo - ther she was ... and ed - to me, For
I was born, was born on the o - pen

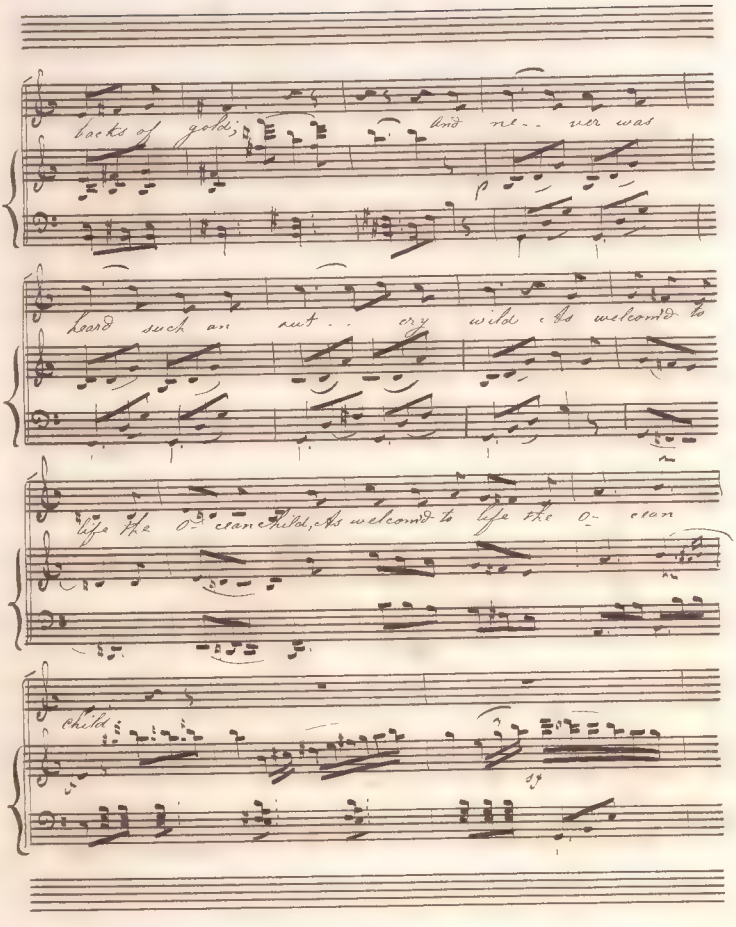
Sea, Sir I was born was born on the

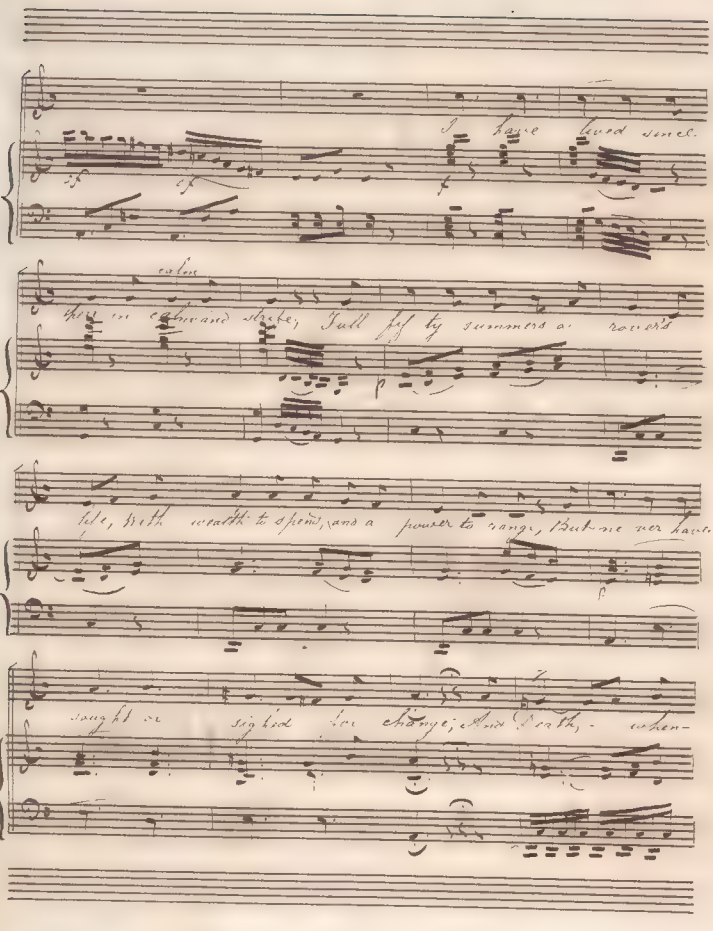
O - pen Sea.

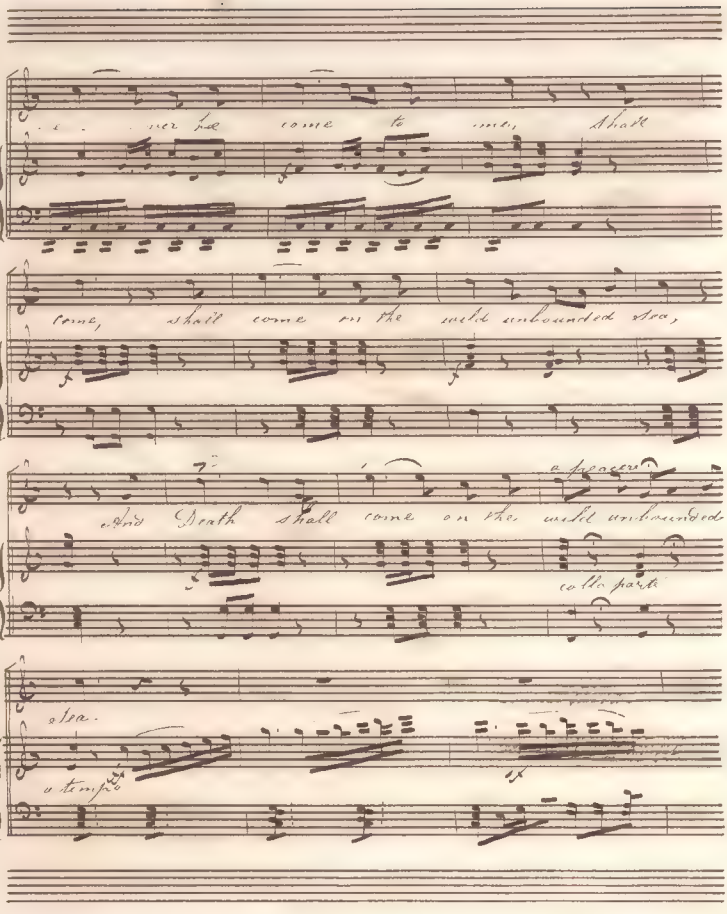
Imitate Boatswain's whistle

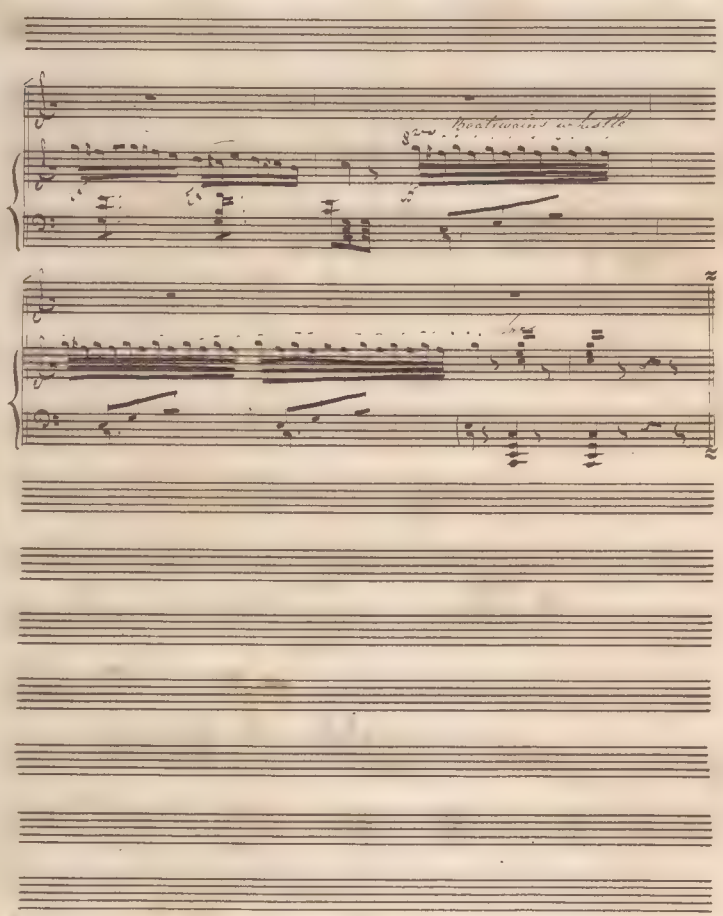
loco


The waves were white, and red the morn, In the
mor-ty hours, in the noi-dy hour when I, when I was
born. And the whale at
whistled the porpoise rolled, And the dolphins barred their


backs of gold; And ne-ver was
heard such an out-cry wild As welcomed to
life the O-cean child, As welcomed to life the O-cean
child.


I have loved scenes
of
f
calm
that in calm and stake, Full fed by summers a rovers
p
side, Both wealth to spend, and a power to range, But me ever have
sought or sighed for change; And Death, when-


ver he come to me, shall
come, shall come on the wild unbounded sea,
a tempo
And Death shall come on the wild unbounded
cello parte
sea.
a tempo


Boatswain's whistle

CROSSE'S

Instruction in Singing.

Containing the accompaing directions, towards obtaining a perfect Intonation & flexibility of the Voice

Exercises on Graces and Cadences.

also a Method of teaching how to sing a Second

AND TO AN

Accompaniment of any Instrument

for which purpose

a Duett and Two Songs are added.

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London, Printed & Sold by George & Manby,
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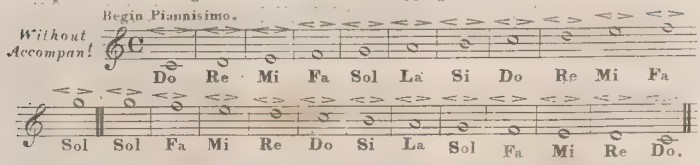
PREFACE.

SINGING is produced by sounds which are formed by the combined exertion of the Lungs, the Throat and the Mouth; most persons are accordingly more or less endued with this Faculty: and though few indeed may hope to vie with a Catalani, there might still be some approximation to a Stephens, were the candidate properly disposed and enabled to cultivate it. To induce the attempt, it were surely enough to consider the Voice was graciously designed by the Great Creator for the promotion of human happiness.

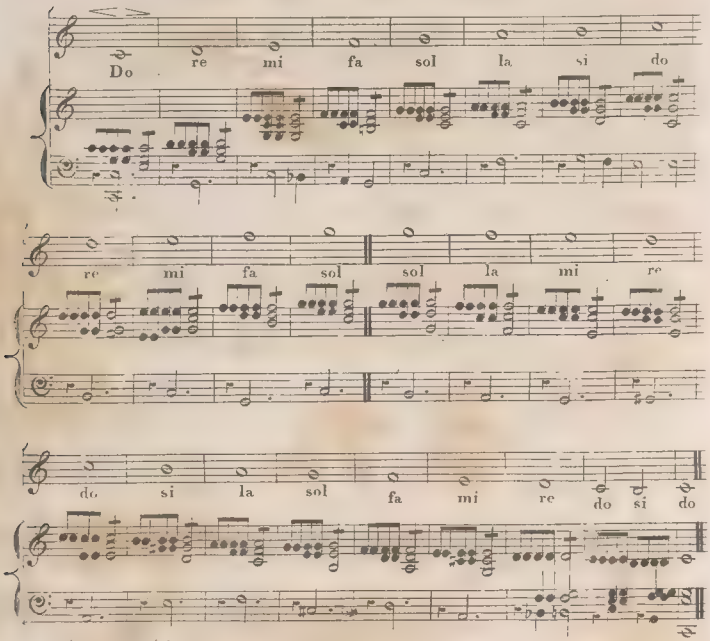
To improve the natural voice certain exercises are necessary, and these must moreover be systematically and judiciously studied and practised. The first point to be attained is, a good Intonation, that is, a singing in Tune: the second a Flexibility of voice, in other words a facility of extending or contracting the organs of singing, so as to glide easily from sound to sound. The third a tasteful and impressive vocal expression of Poetic sentiment, such as emanates from a feeling bosom guided by judicious teaching and imitation. On the other hand, excepting in the case of a radically vicious conformation of the Tonic organs: a defective voice may be sometimes successfully remedied. For example a nasal or a screaming voice if contracted only by habit may be cured by a Teacher duly experienced. In pursuance of this object, I shall now specify a few leading particulars which should form the daily practice of every, and of even the most accomplished Singer. These particulars are the following. When singing, stand upright, fill the chest well with air; begin every sound with the softest possible piano, swell it on to the fortissimo, and all in a breath, continously sink in the decrescendo; do not in general go higher than the voice can easily admit of, though you may occasionly attempt a semitone higher. The vowel (a), is to be sung broad, like the French a, or like a in the word *awe*, dropping the chin without further exertion of the muscles, than to leave the mouth fully an inch open. To sing (o) the mouth must be rounded without screwing it upward, the teeth half an inch or even more apart. For (i), and (e), adapt the mouth to a smiling position, without wrinkling of the cheek, and let the teeth be sufficiently asunder for the breath to pass freely. In no instance, should the lips protrude above the teeth, as that would muffle the voice The consonant that follows a vowel, must not be enounced untill the expiration of the note or notes, apportioned to the syllable of which it is part; neither must there be any oral action until then. The same rule is to be observed, in singing the English i, a, e, and y, for if the mouth begin gradually to close before the expiration of the sound, a very disagreable whining or squeaking will ensue.

Lips of easy pliancy are apt to fall into a ludicrous habit of what may be termed a Dolphin mouth, or a drawing of the mouth on one side, either upward or downward, a thing to be cautiously avoided. For this however as well as many other distortions, the Pupil may advantageously consult the Looking glass.

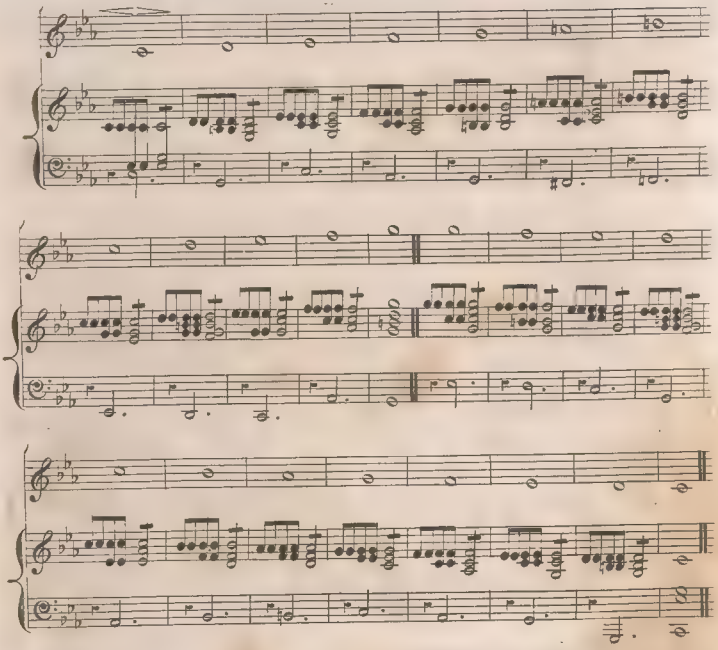
Very slow, and as long as the breath will last, stopping between each a little.



The following Scale with an Accompaniment is to be commenced as soon as the Pupil is able to sing the first in tune. The right hand strikes the Accompaniment in Quavers, while the voice is heard; observing the crescendo and decrescendo.

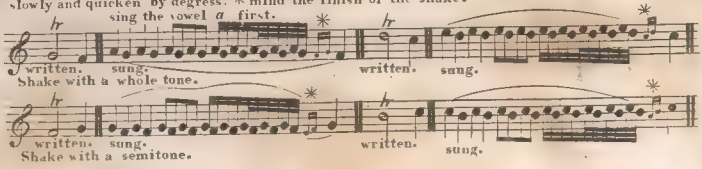


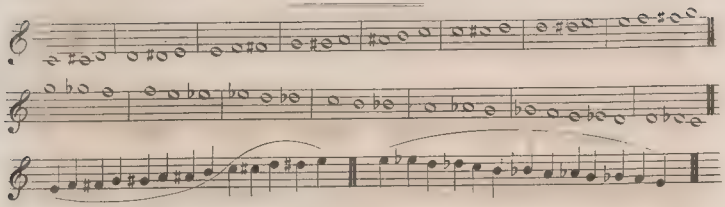
THE MINOR SCALE.



Having acquired a good intonation of the preceding Scales, the Shake must come next into practice. Although many may find a difficulty in accomplishing a good Shake, still it must be diligently practised. It is not only the most beautiful ornament in music, but it will give that quickness to the organs which is so necessary to an accomplished Singer.

Choose out of the following Keys the most convenient for the Pupils voice to begin with. Commence slowly and quicken by degress. * mind the finish of the shake.

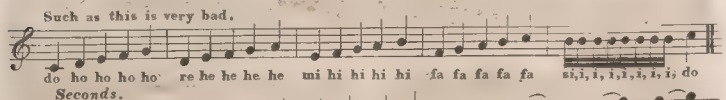




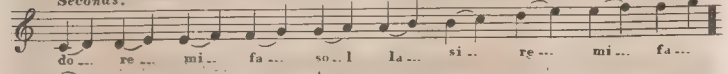
Con Portamento, is the Gliding of the voice from a given sound to a distant Interval, through a continous gradation of notes imperceptibly melting into one another. It may be exemplified by sliding the finger up or down along the string of a Violin while in the act of sounding. The Singer can learn it only by imitation. This style of singing is used in Recitative, and such parts of a song as express the softer passions. The effect is most im--- pressive if used with judgement, it otherwise is tiresome.

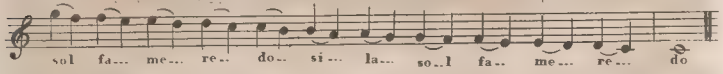
Intervals in common use with their intermediate notes, which are to be joined with the vowels in uninterrupted succession, so as still to let every note be distinctly heard. The Consonant l, like all the rest, must not be pronounced till at the very end of the sound.

Such as this is very bad.

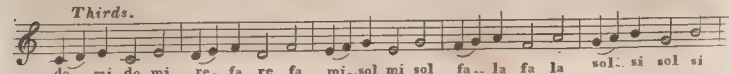


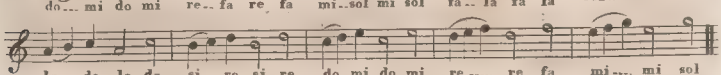
Seconds.

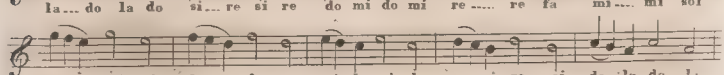


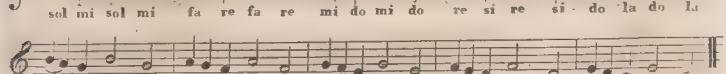


Thirds.

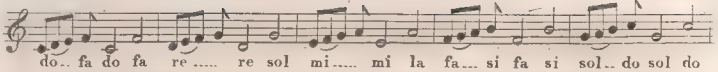


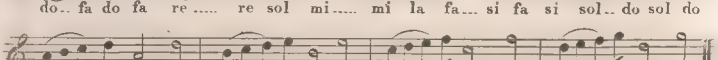


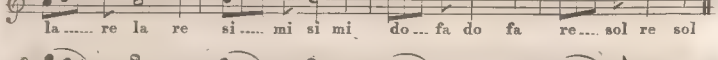


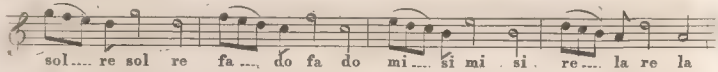


Fourths.

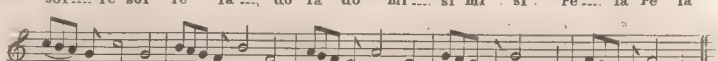


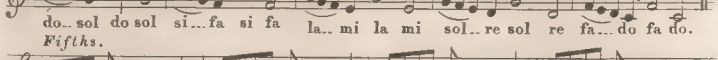


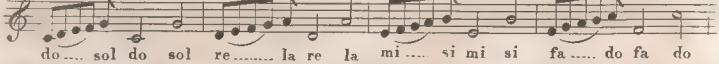


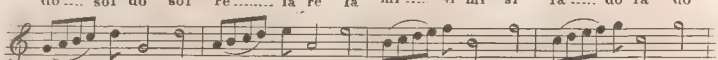


Fifths.

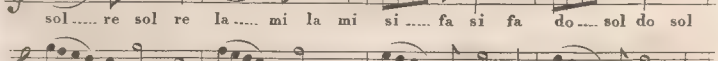


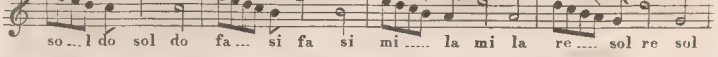


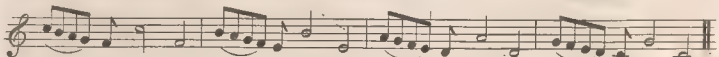


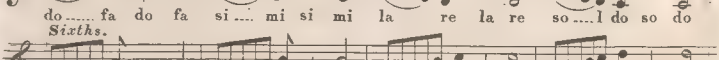


Sixths.

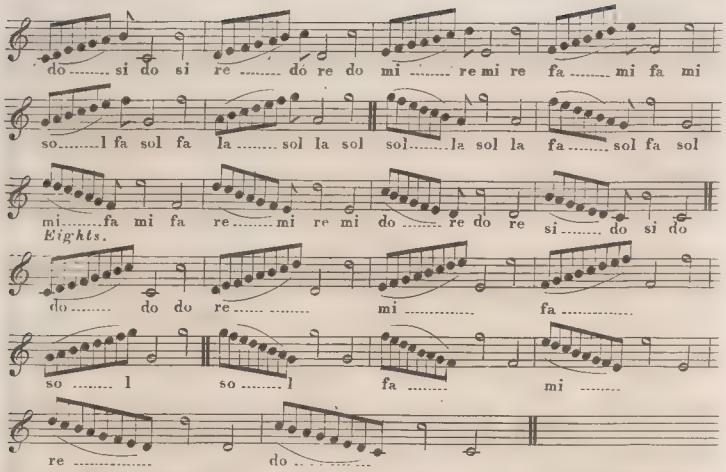






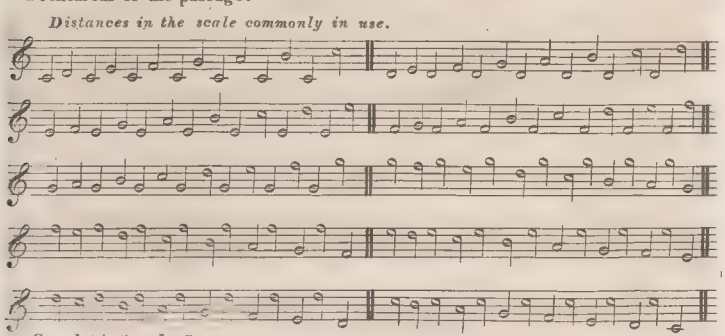


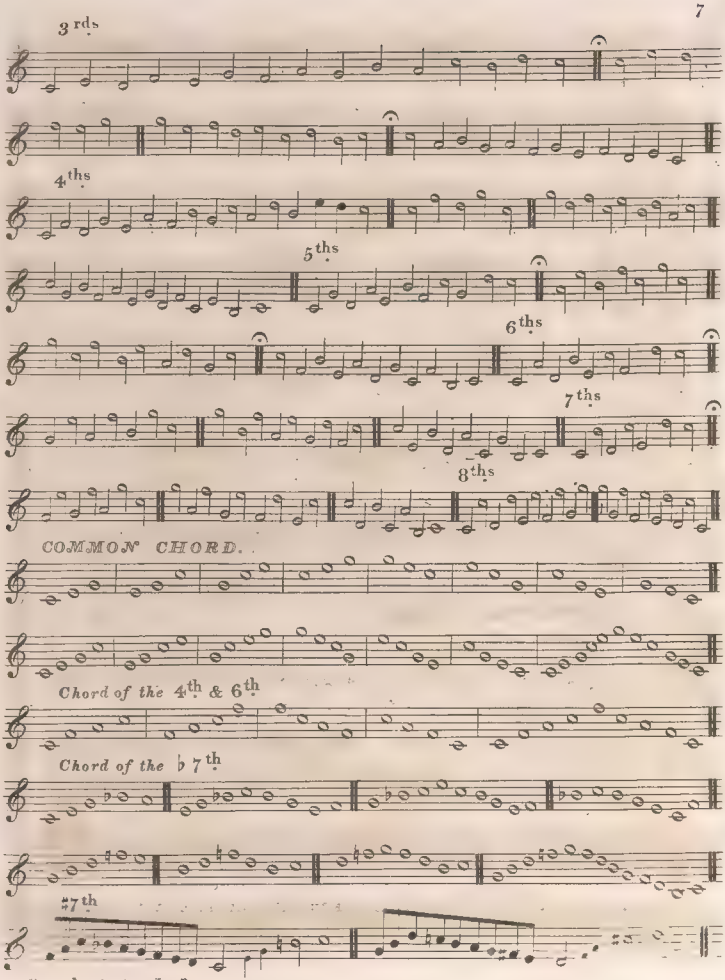
Sevenths.

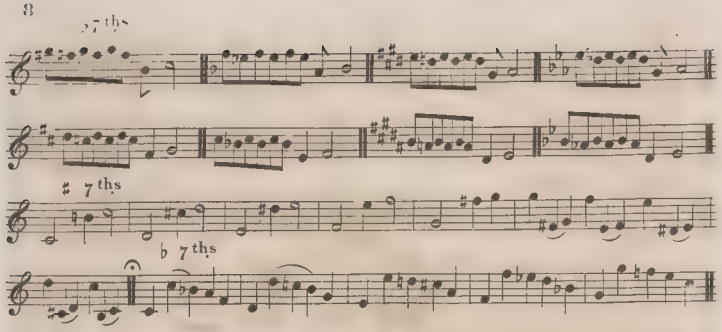


After the preceding Intervals with their intermediate notes have been well practised it will become an easy task to learn the next. But perseverance should be unremitted till the student can sing quite in tune which may be ascertained by striking the Key with the last sound of the voice: if not in tune the ear must be assisted where necessary (of which the Instructor ought to be the best judge) by a rehearsal of the passage.

Distances in the scale commonly in use.

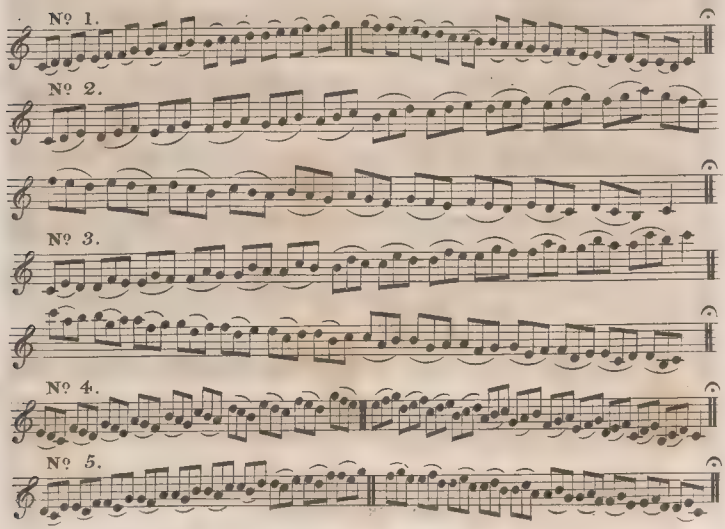


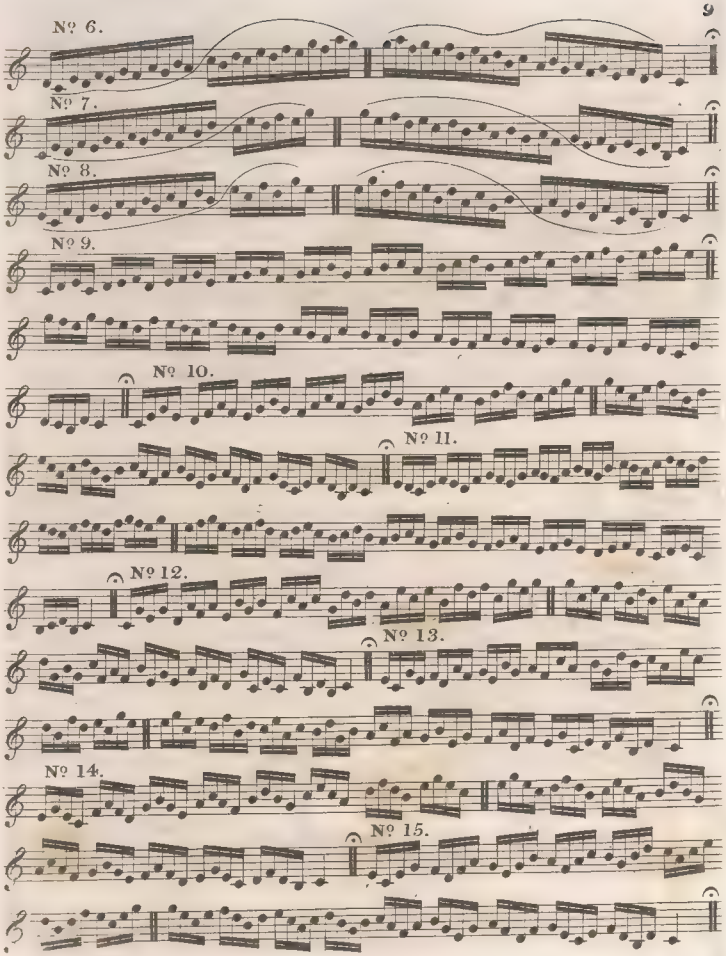

3rds
4ths
5ths
6ths
7ths
8ths
COMMON CHORD.
Chord of the 4th & 6th
Chord of the ♭7th
♯7th

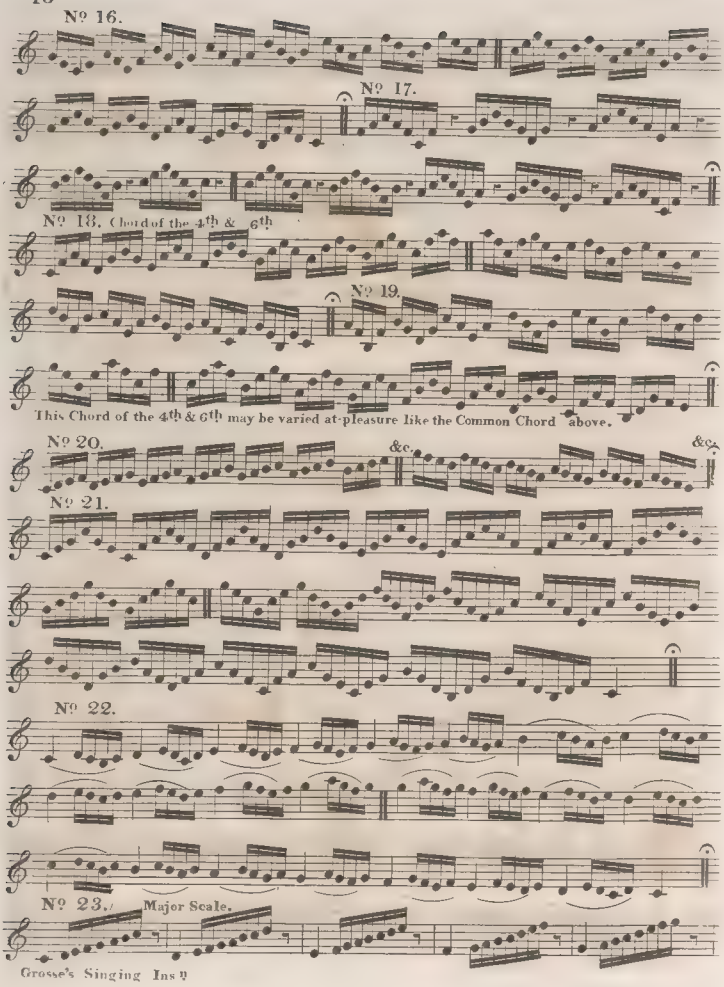


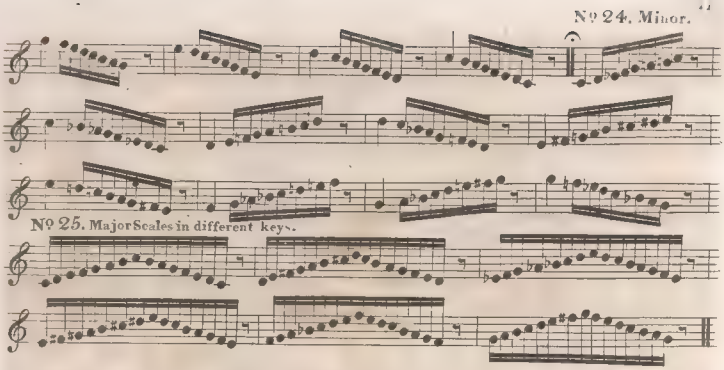
The following Exercises serve to render the voice flexible, and enable the Singer to perform Divisions in a smooth and pleasing style.

Take any vowel and go as high as the voice will admit, without overstraining.



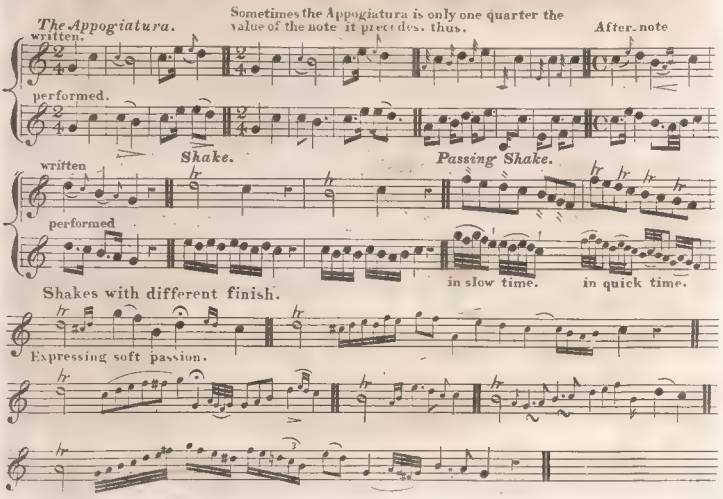

Nº 6.
Nº 7.
Nº 8.
Nº 9.
Nº 10.
Nº 11.
Nº 12.
Nº 13.
Nº 14.
Nº 15.


Nº 16.
Nº 17.
Nº 18. Chord of the 4th & 6th
Nº 19.
This Chord of the 4th & 6th may be varied at pleasure like the Common Chord above.
Nº 20.
&c.
&c.
Nº 21.
Nº 22.
Nº 23. Major Scale.



OF GRACES.

Graces, are ornaments in Melody, and therefore if unseasonably introduced, they lose their intended effect. The principal Graces are the Appoggiatura, the Shake, the Turn, the Beat, the Mordent, Slide, and Spring.



The Turn.

written. thus or thus — On dotted notes. — *Inverted Turn.*

performed.

Beats.

written.

performed.

written. *The Spring.*

performed.

It would be easy for me now to add a few dozen Sonatas for Solfegging, but as it is not my intention to swell this volume, and its price; I take the liberty of advising Students, to take favorite songs, Solfegge them first, and sing the words afterwards, which is as good a way and more pleasant, than to drag through unmeaning compositions.

OF CADENCES IN MELODY.

A Cadence is an extempore passage generally introduced at the finale of a tune, and it should be expressive of the poetic or other sentiment of the piece. I shall in the following little ballad, endeavour to shew how melody may be varied according to the pathos of the strain, and also how to close one and the same melody with different cadences.

Amoroso.

Frequent at ear.... ly blush of morn, A..cross yon flow?.... ry mead I've ran; Brush'd the bright dew drop from the lawn, To steal a kiss to steal a kiss from Ro ..... sy Ann.

2d Verse.

'Tis she can smooth life's rug-ged road, The che-quer'd path with thorns o'er-ran, Virtue a-dorns the blest a-bode, And loves to dwell, and loves to dwell with Ro-sy Anne.

3d Verse.

Come smi-ling Spring with love-ly green, Come fragrant gales that gent-ly fan, Come sum-mer skie with sweet se-rene And deck the cot, and deck the cot of Ro-sy Anne.

4th Verse.

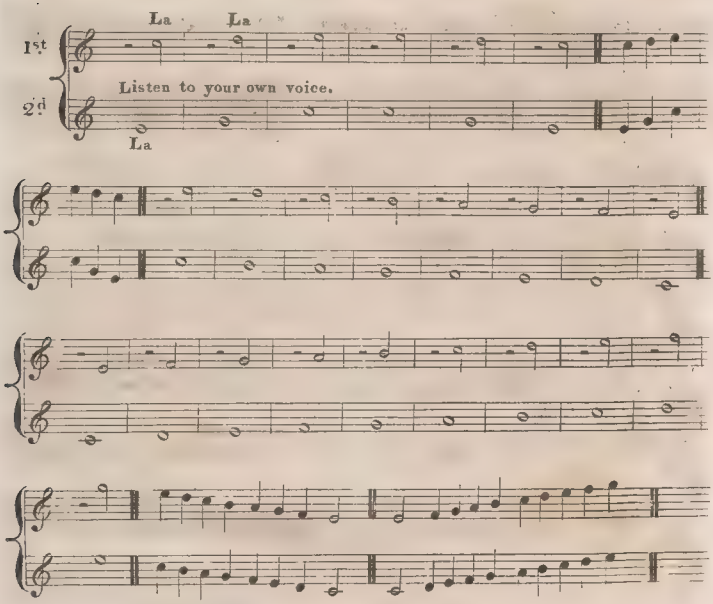
To Mi-sers give the sor-did wealth, To To-pers give the flow-ing can, To me kind powers the bless-ing health, A faith ful friend, A faith-ful friend and Ro-sy Anne.

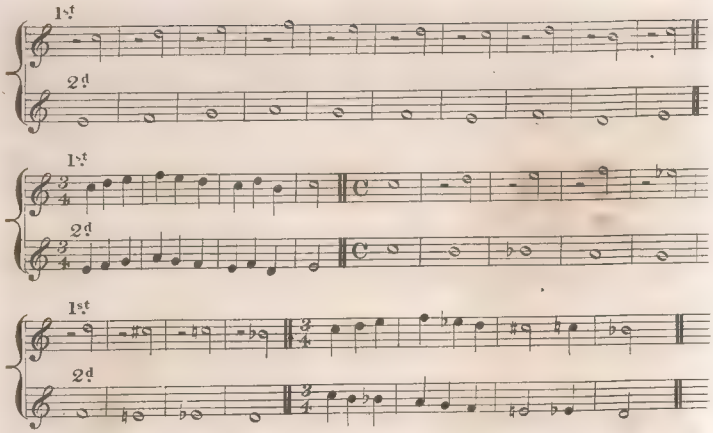
This Ballad with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte is composed and published by W. G. [illegible], Shaftesbury Terrace Pimlico. Price 1s

Singing a second or other parts of Harmony is to accompany a Melody harmoniously; and to judge rightly of the part a Singer has to take, it is requisite that some method should be adopted through which the Pupil may refine and use his ear so, as to be able to make a just distinction between the Melody and the part alotted to him.

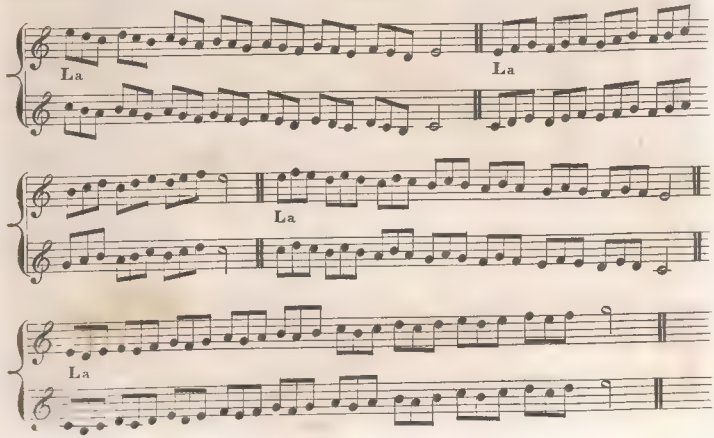
The following Exercises might be entered upon as soon as a good intonation is acquired.

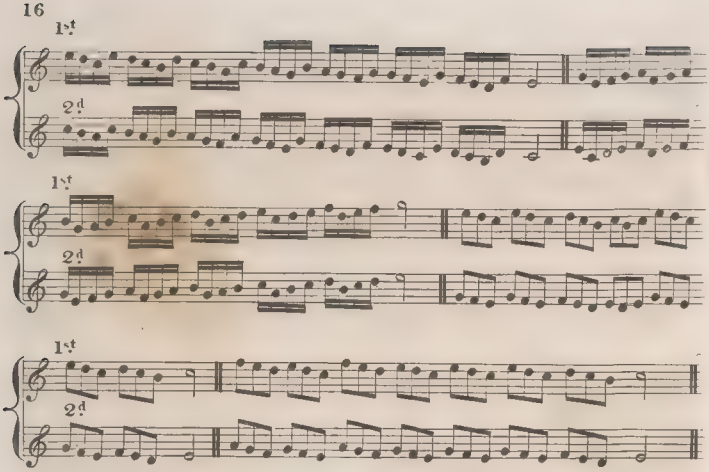
The Second begins first holding on the Semibreve.



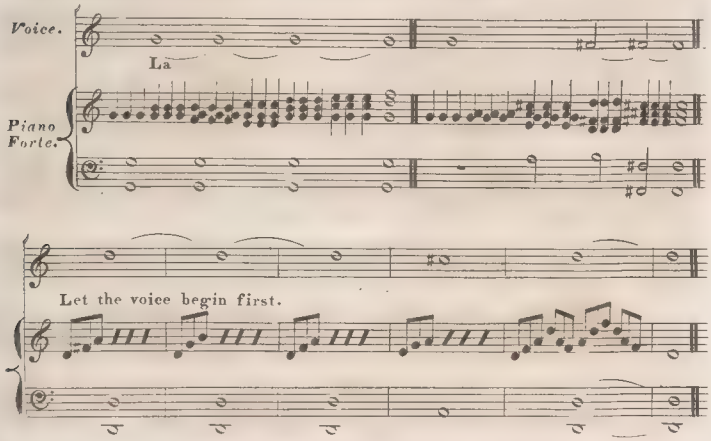


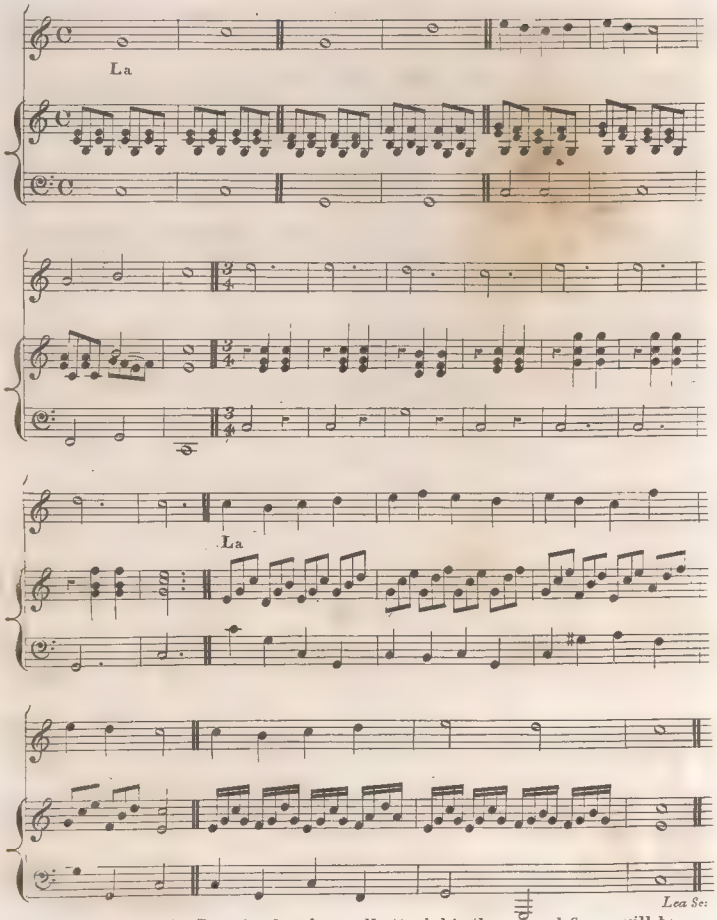
Any difficulty that may occur in the course of teaching the second, or other parts will easily be overcóme by trying it in the same way as the foregoing Examples.





Introductory Lessons for the singing to an Accompanyment.





After these preceeding Exoersises have been well attended to the annexed Songs will be learned.

Ah! forme not sweet Bird! but stay.

Written by A Lady

Consisting of a Night Song from her window.

Set to Music with an Accompaniment for the

Piano Forte or Harp,

and Dedicated to

Miss Musgrave!

BY

Wm. CROSSÉ.

Ent. Sta. Hall. *Price 1/6*

London, Mayhew & Co. Music Sellers to the Royal Family 17, Old Bond St.
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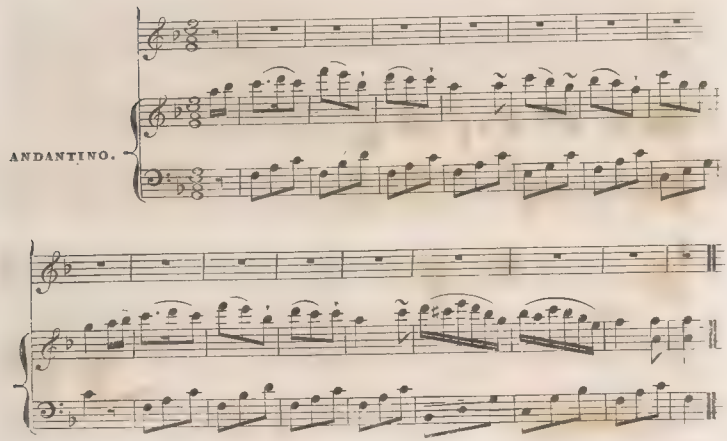


Ah! fear me not sweet bird: but stay, And sing thy lit...tle

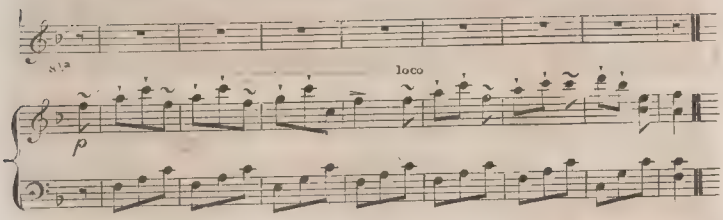
win...ter lay The sum..mer songs..ters all are gone And

ritard

left thee here to sing a...lone The sum...mer song...sters

ritard

all are gone And left thee here to sing a...lone.



2

Then come and be my welcome guest,
I love to see thy crimson breast,
And hear thee at the close of day,
Thrilling thy little simple lay.

3

So brightly in the Shrub'ry scene,
Mid russet brown, and varied green,
When hush'd is ev'ry pleasing sound,
And fading leaves are falling round.

4

Then welcome to my window sill,
I love to hear thy little bill
When, pecking crumbs that for thee lay;
My pretty warbler to repay.

5

Then do not fear but boldly come,
And thou shall find a peaceful home,
'Till genial Suns, shall gild the plain,
And court thee to the woods again

Music by Mr Grose. The Words by Mr Mallet's Song.

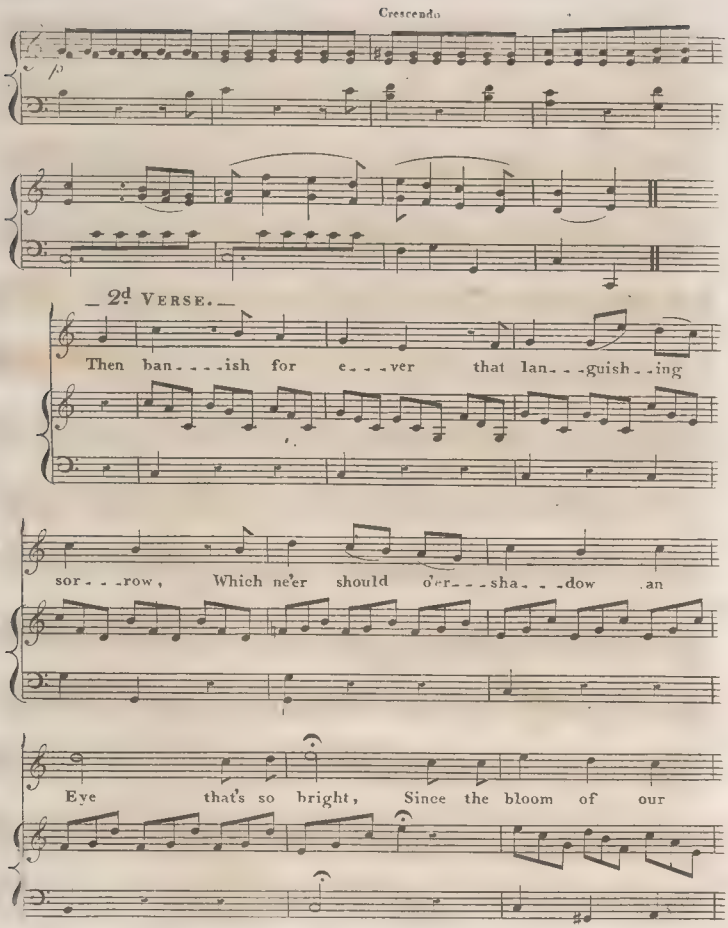
AMOROSO.

Why should Mis-fortune our Days o---ver--clou-ding

steal from the bo--som its sweet-est re--pose, The lease of our

life is but a short Mor-ning, Which scarcely my Syl----via

dawn's e're it close, Which scarcely my Syl-via dawn's e're it close.


Crescendo
p
2d VERSE.
Then ban - - - - ish for e - - - ver that lan - - - guish - - ing
sor - - - row, Which ne'er should o'er - - - sha - - - dow an
Eye that's so bright, Since the bloom of our

life may fade e're to - - - mor - - row, Let

plea - - sure the pre - - sent il - - - - lume with its

light, let plea - - sure the pre - - sent il - - -

- lume with its light.

p

Crescendo

PETTITONO

'Tis Plea - sant at eve thro' the Woodlands to stray, To view the clear

'Tis Plea - sant at eve thro' the Woodlands to stray, To view the clear

stream as it mur - murs a long, And sweet is the blooming pro -

stream as it mur - murs a long, And sweet is the blooming pro -

- fu - - sion of May, The Ze - phyr's soft breath, and the

- fu - - sion of May, The Ze - phyr's soft breath, and the

Night_in_gale's song, But none to the soul are so ten__der__ly

Night_in_gale's song, But none to the soul are so ten__der__ly

ADAGIO expres A TEMPO

dear, As the Smile of Af__fec_tion and Sym_pa_thy's Tear, As the

dear, As the Smile of Af__fec_tion and Sym_pa_thy's Tear, As the

Smile of Af__fec__tion, and Sym__pa__thy's Tear.

Smile of Af__fec__tion, and Sym__pa__thy's Tear.

pp

pp

SECOND VERSE.

As the Seasons roll on, and their treasures ex_tend, The beauties of

As the Seasons roll on, and their treasures ex_tend, The beauties of

Na_ture en_li_ven the heart But when shard with a Pa_rent a

Na_ture en_li_ven the heart But when shard with a Pa_rent a

Sis_ter or Friend, How ten_fold a rap_ture those

Sis_ter or Friend, How ten_fold a rap_ture those

pleasures im_part, And in Sor_row's sad moment how ten_der_ly

pleasures im_part, And in Sor_row's sad moment how ten_der_ly

ADAGIO

A TEMPO

dear, Is the Smile of Af_fec_tion And Sym_pa_thy's Tear, Is the

dear, Is the Smile of Af_fec_tion And Sym_pa_thy's Tear, Is the

Smile of Af_fec_tion, And Sym_pa_thy's Tear.

Smile of Af_fec_tion, And Sym_pa_thy's Tear.

pp

pp